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"Many issues that get lumped into "parenting" are really about adults clinging to power when young people need to find their independence." —WILLIAM GLENN, *Windsor, B.C.*

Honesty in parenting

That our teens are engaging in the same experimentation and rebellion as we did should not be shocking ("What parents don't know [or won't admit]," *Cover/Pol.*, Sept. 30). What is shocking is that parents defend themselves into believing otherwise. Knowing this, would it not be far better to allow our teens to be honest about their behaviour and educate them about responsibility?

Barbara Robinson, Winnipeg, Alta.

As a schoolteacher and an activist promoting children's rights, I see some amazing things about how kids cope with the changing scene and there is much to be optimistic about. I worried, however, to read an story in your cover story. The same article that seems to believe nothing kids is useful "work" calls a "working mother" someone who is not just doing this work, but someone who earns money doing something else. Surely this fluke of terminology is right in line with government policy where even child rearing benefits can only be claimed by parents who do not spend all of their time doing it. Every parent's work of parenting should be valued and parents should have their choices about how to do it—daycare, nanny, grandma, parent at home—equally funded. This is not backing back to the '50s but heading forward to the 2020s when all ways to balance career and family are equally recognized for their contributions to societal well-being.

Beverly Smith, *national President, Kids First Parent Association of Canada Calgary*

I found the apparent discrepancy between what parents think their children are doing and what they are doing interesting. However, there was no indication that teenagers were asked similar questions, such as "How would you rate your parents?" or "What age do you think is appropriate for teenagers to engage in social activities?" Whenever an article is written about youth and what they are doing



or what they are thinking, ask them. The young people of our nation are intelligent, articulate and usually overlooked as citizens who matter.

Ann Kibicki, *Regina*

Pierced to succeed

I like to think I sound like a potential "leader of tomorrow." I am in the top five of my graduating honours program, have

A COMMENTARY ON THE SCARCITY OF MAJOR DISCOVERIES FROM THE WELL-FINANCED, two decade-old biotechnology

revolution ("Biotech hope and hype," *Essay*, Sept. 30) drew strong concerns from the biotech sector. Author Stephen Leach ("Should reward himself of the flat earth society" who were determined to deny the public into believing that discovery was not to be pursued," wrote Janet Lambert, president of Ottawa-based BIOTECHNOLOGY. Other readers thought Leach was on to something. "What I find most troubling" wrote Charles Leach of "Yenover" is how the federal government can spend hundreds of millions of tax dollars on highly speculative and still-to-be-proven biotech ventures, while basic health care services is in crisis."

won numerous scholarships and awards, am a volunteer and am planning to go on to graduate studies in political science. But, alas, according to Joanne Edwards ("Drippings of success," *The Mail*, Sept. 23), I will amount to nothing, as I have (horror!) three body piercings. I was also surprised to learn that Edwards could determine—through their clothes—that none of the "Leaders of tomorrow" (*Cover*, Sept. 9) had pierced belly buttons or tattoos on their backs.

Sara Hartley, *Chapel Hill*

Military might

We rank seventh of the G8 countries in percentage of GDP spent on military matters and well behind Greece, Norway and Denmark ("Why the Canadian military isn't ready for a war," *The Iraq Campaign*, Sept. 30). Unlike these countries, our military is that we have not been involved in the past 100 years. Given our huge expense and limited population we must accept another reality, namely that we simply do not have the resources to finance the military that would be required to defend our borders. The article also points out that our spending priorities (health and education) have helped place Canada at or near the top of the UN quality of life index. "We should, therefore, concentrate on what we are doing right."

Robert Girard, *Monterey, Cal.*

"What war are we not ready for?" We are supposed to go to war because Bush and Blair are beating the war drum? I think not. And, if our military isn't ready, good. (See *Chewie's*, *Washington Post*.)

Wouldn't it be great if Canada could boast the best air force, or even a special forces that set us apart in the world—just one specialty that set our nation apart?

Douglas Hart, *Sarnia, Ont.*

Now Canadians agree that our forces need more money in order to fulfil their obligations. Most of us also agree that they need to modernize. What we also need to do is tell American Ambassador Paul Cellucci that we Canadians decide when, how and how much we spend on our military. I have never heard of a Canadian cabinet minister or ambassador telling Americans they should reduce

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their outrageous military spending and pay for the health care of their 41 million uninsured citizens.

Carlos Ruiz, Edmonton

In the abstract

I can sympathize with Benjamin Myers' complaint about the teaching of history ("Class consciousness," *The Mail*, Sept. 30). When I was in Grade 5, my sister brought home her Grade 10 text on ancient history. I read it from cover to cover and asked her to bring home every library book on the subject. Imagine my disappointment when my own class in the subject consisted entirely of memorizing dates and rules! However, Mr. Myers demonstrates a profound ignorance of engineering, mathematics and science. Creativity and the ability to understand abstract ideas are absolutely essential even for an undergraduate degree in mathematics. Logic is still required to complete and to verify proofs, but it takes creativity to decide what might be provable and how it might be proved.

Kimer M. Roy, Professor Emeritus of Mathematics,
Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

The pros and cons of biotech

Thank you for publishing Stephen Leahy's essay "Biotech hope and hype" (*Science*, Sept. 30). In North America we have always placed too much emphasis on the commercial applications of science. In the current setting, the preindustrial, prebiotech mantra states that transgenic plants (GMOs) developed for commercial gain represent the only way to save the world from starvation and other catastrophic events, that safety trials are unnecessary and that there is no need to go to the expense of labelling. These are false assumptions because the inserted DNA contains more information than the actual gene in question, and because the random insertion of the foreign DNA into the host chromosome may lead to an altered expression of that gene. Good science is being sacrificed for the sake of rapid commercialization.

Ann Onda, Professor Emerita McMaster
University, Hamilton

I was disappointed to read more silliness on the subject of biotechnology in the pages of *Maclean's*. I am a farmer in cen-



The biotechnology industry feels a Sept. 30 essay on its business minimized its achievements.

tral Alberta. I have grown the new herbicide-tolerant, cornish varieties, including Monsanto's, on my farm since they first became available five years ago. I haven't noticed many of my neighbours switching back to conventional varieties and certainly don't plan to do so myself. The new technology does bring tangible benefits.

Walcott Henderson, Medicine Hat

Stephen Leahy correctly notes that the vast majority of Canadians want mandatory labelling of genetically engineered ingredients in foods, but then explains that this is "not going to happen" because people wouldn't buy the foods if they were so labelled, spelling "the end of agricultural biotech." In other words, since consumers don't want to eat the stuff, we must keep them from knowing that they're eating it, to keep the industry prospering? Isn't this supposed to be a democracy?

Greg Pickney, Burnaby, B.C.

Contrary to what readers might glean from this article, there have been spectacular successes in the application of biotechnology to human health. The new anti-cancer agent Gleevec is an example. It is the result of a new approach to treating cancer, based on peering into research into the molecular genetic mechanisms that

cause cells to become cancerous. Gleevec is a vast improvement over other therapies for certain types of leukemia and gastrointestinal stromal tumours. There are thousands of people around the world alive today as a result of this type of biotechnology product. The "genetics revolution" has indeed told us that we need to know much more about the complexity of humans, and other plants and animals, appropriate to our survival. But this complexity is an opportunity, not a reason for giving up.

Mark Bailey, Vice President, Research Portfolio,
Canadian Institutes of Health Research, Ottawa

A survey commissioned by the Canada Grains Council on the impact of GE canola on western Canadian canola growers found, on average, growers got three bushels per acre more, or a 10-per-cent yield improvement over conventional varieties in 2000. It also found that GE farmers used less herbicide than conventional growers, and used less fuel since they applied fewer herbicides and did less tillage as they only have to make one pass over fields. Adding the various benefits together, GE canola saved growers and industry up to \$464 million from 1997 to 2000.

Barbara Jordan, President, Canola Council of
Canada, Winnipeg

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October may be the best month of the year for sports fans. CFL and NFL football are underway, the World Series looms and a new NBA season beckons. Then there's the prospect of a new hockey season, with all the high hopes that attend it.

Our national pastime is the subject of this week's cover story by Sports Editor James Deacon (pictured above, with Mario Lemieux). Deacon, who profiles Calgary Flames superstar Jerome Iginla, also examines the challenges confronting Canadian NHL teams, which

"Iglsle's recent contract negotiations illustrate the difficulties facing small-market Canadian teams," he says. "It's hugely important to the franchise, so they had to re-sign him. At the same time, the contract is probably more than Calgary can afford."

While Deacon has interviewed many of the top nines in sports, they don't always make the best interviewees, he says. The most pleasant surprises are often comparative unknowns, such as golfer Neil Lancaster, who led after the first round of this year's Bell Canadian Open. "This funny, self-deprecating guy saunters in and starts telling stories in that thick North Carolina drawl. It was hard taking notes because I was laughing so hard."

More than events, he tries to get at the stories behind the headlines. "We decided long ago to focus on people and on the underlying issues that drive sports. For me, sports isn't about statistics; it's about human achievement, and I believe that makes for compelling reading."

James Deane's articles appear regularly in *Manuscript*.

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Royalty | Queen Elizabeth II arrives in Canada for a Golden Jubilee tour

When Queen Elizabeth II last came to Canada in 1997, her royal bandwagon could boast she had visited every territory and province—but that was before Nunavut. So officials and residents of Iqaluit, the capital of the vast eastern Arctic territory created in 1999, had plenty to occupy her when she stopped off the plane last week for the first stop on her 12-day Golden Jubilee tour of Canada. After being greeted by officials including Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson and Mayor John Matthews, the Queen was presented with flowers by 10-year-old Louis Illavorth and nine-year-old Leanne Atloosook. While robed performers sang *God Save the Queen* in Inuktitut, English and French before the 76-year-old monarch, in a simple ceremony, dedicated Nunavut's legislative building. The Queen, who has visited Iqaluit before, then spoke warmly of the culture in Nunavut, where 80 per cent of the territory's 27,000 citizens are Aboriginal. "Your land is indeed

your strength," she said in greeting the traditions of living in harmony with the environment.

In the company of Prince Philip, 81, the Queen also visited Inuit High School—where students demonstrated such cultural traditions as drum making and the preparation of caribou meat—and the Nunavut Arctic College Sculpture Garden to view the works of local artists. The trip marks the Queen's 19th trip to Canada as reigning monarch (she visited once before according to the throne in 1952), and nearly every day promises to be jam-packed. Her itinerary takes her from Victoria and Vancouver—where she was scheduled to drop the puck at a Canada hockey game with an assist from Wayne Gretzky—so Winnipeg and the Toronto area. The final leg of her tour includes stops in Fredericton and Moncton, N.B., and Ottawa. But from a Queen who has taken 50 years of ceremonial duties seriously, it's all part of the job.

Elizabeth began her 12-day visit by flying to the newly established territory of Nunavut—which didn't exist when she and Prince Philip last came to this country in 1997.

ScoreCard

Canadian Forces: Three Canadian Forces aircraft were hijacked by U.S. military allies on the same day equipment was shipped in through Search. Liberal version of Search's letter to the Senate says close your eyes.

Yves McCollins: Debunker and defence minister displays an excellent gift for the nation's economy by claiming Canada can send "mashin" force to Iraq. Only if he drafts under-employed Liberal backbench.

William Dean Sullivan: Accusing parliament tonight's off. Vancouver's Liberal Club's advice, which had no ruling of printing or a ship, and a message for mischief. Stunned men is more like it.

Alan Milner: Communist Coach's Corner's look to of North's Name should be the day the given a long-suffering time. Search's CBC men against under-employment economic club of Labour's economy.

Cam Jackson: Ottawa's tourism commission's report over expense account says of hotel, parking and restaurant bills. Sure he was looking the products, but would he have been so diligent if he were health minister?

Alan Clark: Outgoing Prime Minister's (Theresa May) will not be, but how about a holiday in the future? Now that would be a legacy.

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Quote of the week | "If he goes ahead, will he have to rewrite history so that the other pre-emptive strike, Pearl Harbor, is no longer described as an atrocity?"

Liberal MP Bonnie Brown, during a debate in the House of Commons, criticizing George W. Bush's threat to invade Iraq

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THE WEEK

The war on terror

The U.S. fight against the Taliban and al-Qaeda played out in U.S. courts last week. In Alexandria, Va., John Walker Lindh, an American apprehended by U.S. forces in Afghanistan as a Taliban fighter, was sentenced to 20 years in prison. In Boston, Richard Reid, 26, pleaded guilty to charges relating to a scheme to blow up a Dec. 22 flight from Paris to Miami with explosives hidden in the sole of his shoe. Meanwhile, federal officials in Washington announced that six people have been charged with providing support and resources for al-Qaeda.

Shooting the messenger

What do you do when you don't like polling results? In the case of Iran, answer the pollster. After the National Institute for Research Studies and Opinion Polls released a survey showing that, among other things, 74 per cent of respondents want to begin a dialogue with Washington, the country's conservative judiciary ordered the institute closed and arrested director Behrouz Ghorangheh. It was another sign of the divisions between conservative religious authorities and President Mohammad Khatami's reformist government, which had commissioned the poll.

Health care on strike

Becoming their bad for wage pacts with counterparts in other Atlantic provinces, 950 doctors in Newfoundland and Labrador went on strike. The doctors, the lowest paid in Canada, withdrew their services for routine and elective medical procedures, but kept emergency departments open. The government, which is facing a \$400-million deficit, says it can't afford to match what other doctors make. Meanwhile, the 2,500 members of the Health Services Association of Saskatchewan, including paramedics and therapists, reneged off the job. They are seeking a 34-per-cent raise over three years; the province has offered 21.

Doing his part for tourism

Ontario Tourism Minister Cam Jackson resigned after opposition revelations that, over the space of 28 months, he and his staff had expended almost \$104,000 in hotel, travel and entertainment costs. Jackson acknowledged that the public



Crime | A bloody murder spree in the Maryland suburbs

James Martin, 31, was shot as he walked into a supermarket on the early evening of Oct. 2.

The next morning brought more death, over the space of about two hours: James Buchanan, 20, hit while mowing the lawn at a car dealership. Prekumar Walskar, 54, killed while tiling up his driveway; Sarah Harris, 34, shot on a bench outside a post office; Lori Ann Lewis-Rivera, 36, murdered while vacationing on her vehicle. All five were killed within a five-kilometre radius of each other in the quiet Maryland suburbs of Washington. In seemingly random attacks by someone armed with a high-powered rifle.

The victims were of varying ethnic backgrounds, leading police to say race was not a motive. There were no witnesses, although one person did report seeing a delivery truck, possibly carrying two men, speeding away from the scene of the post office shooting. In week's end police were searching for suspects, and looking into the possibility that another shooting death in Washington may have been the work of the Maryland sniper.

should not have borne the cost of movies that his family watched in hotels during trips on which they accompanied him. Jackson spent more than \$14,000 on hotels in Toronto—even though he lives a 45-minute drive away in Burlington.

No sparing the rod

Lacelle Poulin, 78, a former Catholic nun, took the sting to face accusations that she mistreated children at her P.E.I. commune. Five former members, who were eight to 14 during the 1990s when the alleged offences took place, have testified they had to work inhumanly long hours and were beaten almost daily. But Poulin said, "I could not believe their stories—these are not the children I lived with." She acknowledged disciplining children, but not excessively and never in anger.

Enron in shackles

Enron's former chief financial officer turned himself in voluntarily. But FBI agents still put him in handcuffs, eager to show in front of the cameras that they had their man. Andrew Fastow, 40, accused of being the rascal behind the complex web of accounting deceit permeated by the bankrupt energy giant. They called his arrest and 38-page fraud indictment "a major step forward" in the case. Still in question is whether it will lead to charges against top-level officials

such as co-CEO Ken Lay, who is referred to obliquely in the indictment. Fastow's lawyer maintained that Lay and other top Enron guys approved the off-books partnerships at the heart of the scandal.

New parks for Canada

John Christian and Ottawa would establish 33 new national parks and five national marine conservation areas over the next five years, increasing the country's parks system by 30 per cent. Among the new parks will be a polar desert in the High Arctic and the Tanager Mountains in the north of Labrador.

Martha unseated

Lifestyle guru Martha Stewart resigned her board seat at the New York Stock Exchange. It had clearly become too hot: federal investigators continued to probe suggestions she had profited from insider trading, and a day earlier, a trader involved with her account pleaded guilty to a cover-up. Douglas Feneuil, an assistant to Stewart's broker at Merrill Lynch, admitted he accepted cash and vacation perks after trading with Stewart's story that her broker sold her shares in In-Clone Systems Inc. simply because they had fallen to a previously agreed price. Feneuil said, his boss had told his client that In-Clone's chief was dumping the shares.

Passages

CHC Montreal de Monteville Molson, of the famous brewing family, was a war hero who fought in the Battle of Britain, and a senator. But he's best known as the owner of the Montreal Canadiens during the '50s and '60s, when the team won five consecutive Stanley Cups. He was inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame in 1973. Molson, 93, who was an executive at Molson Breweries from 1953 to 1988, died in Montreal.



MB Manitoba Senator Ron Duhamel was a teacher and principal before being elected to Parliament in 1988. A longtime Liberal, he served as veterans affairs minister and was appointed to the Senate last January. Duhamel, 64, died of cancer in his hometown of St. Boniface.

BC Port, Capetown, B.C., pig farmer Robert William Pickton is facing four more counts of murder and is now accused of killing 15 women who disappeared from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. Meanwhile, the list of those who have gone missing since the mid-1980s, many of them drug addicts and prostitutes, stands at 63. Pickton, 52, now has the dubious distinction of being, allegedly, Canada's worst serial killer.

MT Ted Blackman started his journalism career in 1942, with United Press International in Montreal. He was a sports reporter at the Gazette before shifting to radio full-time in 1979—first as the morning man at CFCF radio. Blackman, 60, was working as a sports director and co-anchor at Montreal's TSN 990, when he died of kidney and liver failure.

EMERSON The nominees for this year's \$25,000 Giller literary prize are Carol Shields (Udels), Austin Clarke (*The Pothead Man*), Wayne Johnston (*The Navigator of New York*), Bill Gaston (*Mount Appetite*) and Lisa Moore (*Open*). Many were surprised that Booker Prize nominee Robertson Mistry (*Family Matters*), and Guy Vanderhaeghe (*The Last Crossing*) didn't make the short list.

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I was in resolution, no matter how off-the-wall. Iraqi Vice-President Taha Yassin Ramadan proposed that Saddam Hussein and George W. Bush fight a duel on neutral territory to spare their people the ravages of combat. The ludicrous proposal came to Washington continued to lay the groundwork for an assault. Bush demanded that the UN adopt a resolution sanctioning the removal of the Iraqi defense by force if he did not open his country fully to weapons inspectors. And in a speech in Washington, Bush made it clear that if the UN fails to act against Saddam, the U.S. would invade on its own. "The choice is up to the UN to allow its resolve

Congress moved closer to adopting a resolution to give the President the right to wage unfettered war against Saddam. But Bush's campaign continues to face widespread opposition. Britain is standing firmly with the U.S., but France, Russia and China, which have veto power on the UN Security Council, have balked at approving a new resolution authorizing military action against Iraq. They are also warning the outcome of negotiations that could see the return of UN weapons

In the House of Commons, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien said Canada would only support a military strike if it is carried out under the auspices of the UN. But he said Canada will back the U.S. in insisting on a new, roughly worded UN resolution against Saddam. Defense Minister John McCallum, meanwhile, said Canada is ready to send 2,000 army, navy and air force personnel to fight against Iraq.

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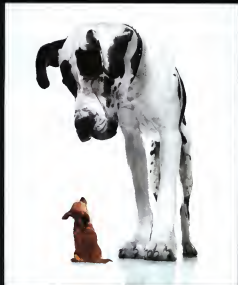
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UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Chrétien promises one last time to help Aboriginals

Natives, including Second World War veterans, protesting the Throne Speech

JEAN CHRÉTIEN has always looked back at his attempts to minister to Indian affairs with an equal measure of fondness and something resembling regret. He has called his work from 1968 to 1974 among the most satisfying of his career. The affinity he developed for Canada's original inhabitants was instrumental in his and Akie's decision to adopt a native boy, when they named Michel, from an Inuit orphanage in 1971. But Cliftien has also lamented that his efforts to lift Canada's most underprivileged peoples out of Third World conditions have shown few concrete results three decades later. His one bold attempt to change how Ottawa traditionally dealt with native

Canadians—the 1989 White Paper on “Indian Policy”—was so spectacularly repudiated by Indian leaders in a denial of their special status in Canada that it took him years to overcome their suspicions about his underlying motives.

With last week's Speech from the Throne, Chrétien signalled strongly he hasn't given up on the project: The 34-page document of government intentions made clear that the Prime Minister, who has announced he will step down in February, 2004, wants to go out with a bang. He intends to ratify the Kyoto accord on greenhouse gases, reform health care, put in place a long-term investment plan aimed at alleviating child

poverty, and establish a 10-year infrastructure program for cities, among other legacy-pushing initiatives.

But no topic is the blueprint for the remainder of Chrétien's mandate gets as much ink as the plans for Canada's 1.4 million Aboriginals. Rather than devote a section to native issues, as past Throne Speeches have done, the document outlines initiatives affecting Aboriginals on almost every page. “This was sending a clear message that this is one of the government's top priorities,” Indian Affairs Minister Robert Nault told *Maclean's*, “and that it has to be a government-wide initiative.” The pledges include on- and off-reserve programs dealing with education, health care, housing, clean water and job creation, all designed to “close the gap in life chances between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Canadians.”

As telling of the government's resolve is

the determination to reintroduce legislation tabled in June dealing with native governance. The bill, which has drawn almost as much fire as the White Paper did in its day, seeks to dramatically alter the way bands are run. It would establish democratic rules on the choosing of chiefs and councils, and ways of removing them. And in an attempt to clean up scandals involving the way bands disperse the more than \$7 billion Ottawa spends on Aboriginals each year, the legislation requires the adoption of new accountability codes, including annual budgets and independently audited financial statements.

Is it double? Matthew Coon Come, national chief of the Assembly of First Nations, sat in the visitors' gallery listening intently as Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson laid a series of specific policies that will require the government to spend more on natives. He hopes more will come to fruition. But what struck Coon Come most was the government's unwillingness to resolve not to go into debt. With the economy slowing and Ottawa's revenues dwindling, he wonders where the money for native programs will come from. One answer is through reallocation of resources. But taking funds already earmarked for elsewhere is always a difficult task, and he notes there are many other demands on those limited resources. For instance, the government is also pledging to spend more on health care and cities.

Of course, the recognition of the government's agenda for Canada's First Nations—the governance act—creates little spending. Here Clarkson faces a different kind of hurdle. Many native leaders have pronounced their fundamental opposition to the legislation. The problem, explains Coon Come, is that the bill continues the paternalistic nature of the Indian Act. Besides, he adds, changing the way bands are governed won't solve what truly vex Indian communities, such as the lack of adequate lands and resources to climb out of the cycle of poverty and helplessness. Even chiefs like Ed John of the Tl'it'et Nation in north-central British Columbia, who concede that native bands must be more transparent and accountable, question the government's continued hegemony. "This legislation," John says, "does not recognize the inherent



Clarkson, with husband John Atkinson seated at her side, delivers Christmas legacy-policies

right to self-government that is contained in the Canadian Constitution."

Naht seems as bullheaded about proceeding with the legislation as critical native chiefs are to thwart it. He denies the bill is a top-down initiative being imposed on natives, pointing out it follows an extensive consultation process, involving thousands of Aboriginals. The department also conducted the first national polling on reserve lands. "The bill incorporates many of the things natives said they want," he maintains. Moreover, Naht adds that Aboriginal leaders have another opportunity to affect the bill when it moves to the committee stage. That's this fall.

The governance act is hardly a panacea for historic inequities, Naht acknowledges. And it's not as groundbreaking as Christie's deemed White Paper. On that, he and Coon Come agree. But Naht, whose Ikroon-Rose River riding contains 57 Aboriginal communities, sees the governance act as a beneficial, if limited, first step. "I firmly believe if we build on the institutions of good government, we

can close the gap and have First Nations young people and citizens participate in our economy successfully," he says.

With the clock ticking, Christie is, by all accounts, eager to forge ahead on the bill. An aide to the Prime Minister claims it will "definitely" pass before Christie retires. The aide adds, "There's no legacy issue—he doesn't think that way—but he is saying, 'You've got 16 months to focus on what's really important to Canada so this is what we have to do.'" But as a lame duck leader, the Prime Minister knows his ability to control the government's agenda diminishes exponentially the closer he gets to his appointed retirement date. And unplanned events are bound to pull his agenda off course, so happened last week when yet another of the ethics scandals that have plagued the government emerged. The Canadian Alliance attacked Solicitor General Lawrence MacBryde for awarding his friend Robert MacBryde firm an estimated \$106,000 contract.

Meanwhile, Paul Martin is already campaigning full time, outlining his own vision for the future, and some of Christie's top cabinet ministers are chomping at the bit to join the former finance minister on the hustings. Last week's Throne Speech was intended to arrest Christie's slipping hold on power, if only briefly, and to make one last push to tackle unfinished business. And given the ignominious fate met by his White Paper 33 years ago, perhaps nothing in the speech would be as personally gratifying for Christie as a new deal for a people he long ago took onto his heart.

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A GATHERING STORM OVER KYOTO

Anti-agreement forces from across Canada join Alberta in its fight with Ottawa

IN ALBERTA political circles, Lorne Taylor is sometimes referred to as the "egghead redneck." It is a mark of the man that Taylor, who is Alberta's environment minister and who holds a Ph.D. in educational psychology, often more unflatteringly at the first half of that moniker than the latter. "My constituents think it's great when the liberal press calls me a redneck," chuckles Taylor, who represents the riding of Cypress-Medicine Hat, part of southern Alberta's famed Bible belt. Taylor, 57, is a born-again Christian, an outspoken pro-life, and a long-time federal supporter of the Reform party and Canadian Alliance. Apart from Premier Ralph Klein, Taylor is also the Alberta government's point man in its increasingly pitched battle against Ottawa's plans to ratify the Kyoto Protocol. That it should fall to the environment minister to fight an

accord aimed at reducing global warming might strike outsiders as a tad curious. But that, remember, is Alberta, Canada's other dissent society.

Certainly Taylor makes no apologies for his vociferous opposition to Kyoto, an international agreement reached in 1997 under which Canada pledged to reduce domestic greenhouse gas emissions to six per cent below 1990 levels by the year 2012. "Kyoto will do nothing to improve the environment," asserts the blunt-spoken former university teacher and cartoonist. In fact, he argues it will actually hinder efforts to curb global warming by sucking havoc on Canada's economy, draining away financial resources that could otherwise be invested in developing

alternative fuel sources and improving energy efficiency. Alberta has embraced industry projections—hotly disputed by Ottawa and environmental groups—which claim Kyoto will cost Canada up to \$40 billion in economic growth and at least 450,000 jobs by 2010. "You can never differentiate between the economy and the environment," says Taylor. "The countries that have the healthiest economies also have the healthiest environments."

Economic scare stories aside, Taylor's most telling argument—one he and his base have hammered away at for months—is that Ottawa simply doesn't have a clue how it intends to honor its Kyoto commitments, which would actually require Canada to cut projected greenhouse gas emission levels by more than 20 per cent. How could this possibly be achieved? Would industry or consumers bear the

industries, like Fort McMurray's oil sands project, would be hard hit, critics charge.

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primary burden? And would Alberta, which generates more greenhouse gases than any other province (Ontario is a close second), inevitably take the biggest hit? For a long time, federal ministers sidestepped the questions, insisting that the number crunching was still in progress and all would be revealed in good time. But then came the Big Shrug. In late September, after retreating his intention to ratify Kyoto before the end of the year, Jean Chrétien told reporters that a *decided* plan for implementing the accord was at least a decade away. "The development of the plan will take 12 years, 10 years," said Chrétien. "It will not be in operation tomorrow."

The Prime Minister's comments energized the anti-Kyoto forces. On Sept. 26, a coalition of 25 business groups, including the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and the Canadian Council of Chief Executives, launched an ambitious cross-country campaign for what they call a "trade-in-Canada" solution to global warming that would set emissions targets independent of Kyoto. Last week, Ontario Premier Ernie Eves and British Columbia Premier Gordon Campbell weighed in. "I'm not arguing on to anything that I don't know the effect of at the end of the day," declared Eves. In response, Ottawa appeared to backtrack, saying there would be some kind of blueprint for achieving Kyoto after all. Federal Environment Minister David Anderson went so far as to say that he was "well on the way to having everything the provinces and territories need" before the nation's environment and energy ministers met in Halifax on Oct. 21. Judging from past attempts, that is highly unlikely.

For Alberta, the involvement of business and political leaders from across Canada is significant—Taylor frankly admits they will have far more credibility with the public outside Alberta than he or Klein could hope to muster. It also demonstrates that the debate over Kyoto, long an obsession of the Klein administration, has now engaged the entire country. Still, it is in Alberta where passions run highest, recalling memories of old battles against the National Energy Program, legislation in 1980 that forced Alberta to sell its oil and gas at artificially low prices and contin-



Anti-NEP veteran Lougheed is advising Alberta's environment minister (top).

based on investment facing the oil patch.

Two developments last week underscored this sense of cultural dish vs. In an interview with a Toronto newspaper, Klein warned Ottawans not to "push us too hard" but it whiplashed separate sentences in the province that has been dormant since the bad old days of the NEP. On the same day the front-page headlines screamed, "Klein: 'Where of Alberta Separation,'" the province's office in Edmonton rushed out a news release titled, "Alberta government unwavering in its support of Canada's position. New agreement—a strange thing for a Canadian political leader to need to assert.

Taylor frankly admits national business and political leaders will have more credibility than he or Klein could hope to muster

More significant, perhaps, was the appearance of former Alberta premier Peter Lougheed, 74, who is a bit of a local legend for his determined (if ultimately unsuccessful) fight against the NEP. Lougheed, whom Klein has tapped as a senior adviser on the Kyoto file, emerged from a meeting with industry heavyweights to pronounce that the accord could be every bit as bad for Alberta as the NEP. He also warned that while Ottawa has the right to ratify, pushing Kyoto into effect without the co-operation of the provinces could prove impossible. "Trusty, maybe yes," said Lougheed in his trademark clipped manner. "Implementation of away-maybe not."

Lougheed also framed the debate as a contest for public opinion. Even when Alberta's outcome is far from certain. A poll the province commissioned last spring indicated 72 percent of Albertans favoured ratifying Kyoto. Mind you, it also found nearly half (47 per cent) had no idea what Kyoto committed Canada to doing—and that is where the battle is now truly being joined. Environmental groups like the widely respected Alberta-based Pembina Institute for Agricultural Development have recently asked voters which agree that Kyoto will seriously benefit the economy by forcing industry to be more energy efficient and innovative. Pembina policy director Robert Horsing deplores what he calls "the economic Armageddon arguments" from Kyoto critics and predicts Canadians will not be swayed.

In the end, all the rhetoric may amount to a lot of sound and fury, signifying very little. Chrétien remains determined to ratify Kyoto and his Ontario-heavy Liberal caucus seems eager to grant his wish (if anything, every Liberal MP argues the Prime Minister has already swung down Canada's climate change commitments too much). Perhaps, as Kyoto's supporters suggest, the accord's overall economic impact will prove tolerable and Canadians will learn to live with it, if not love it. But that's in the rest of the country. In Alberta, where the 22-year-old NEP is still talked about like the province's own battle of the Alamo, ratification of Kyoto is more likely to go down as another day of infamy, to be stored in the collective memory and called up at will. That's the way it is, that's the way it's always been. ■

ILLNESS IN THE SYSTEM

Critics say the B.C. government's cuts are dangerous

IT'S A CURIOSITY—even by the mountainous standards of the Kootenay district of southeastern B.C.—but many of the region's hospitals are built on the high ground. It's true in the bunch bucket city of Trail, where the imposing Kootenay Boundary Regional Hospital also eye-to-eye across the Columbia River from the grey Tech Centre smelter. It's true in Nelson, where the bland and slightly decrepit 1950s-era Kootenay Lake Hospital provides over the high Victorian charm of one of Canada's nicest downtowns. It's true in postcard-pretty Kaslo, where elderly, long-term care patients of the Victorian Hospital tend the opening terraces on a balcony above North Kootenay Lake.

It's no exaggeration in these places to say people look up to their hospitals. In an increasingly secular world, they are almost concerned ground. The high drama of a community plays out in these buildings: births and deaths, and much of the fear, hurt and trauma in between. A hospital stands guard. And as the provincial Liberal government discovered as in part this summer, a community is obligated to return the favour.

This is literally true in Nelson, a flash-point of opposition to attempts by the Liberals to reform health-care delivery and to oversee its \$10-billion annual cost. Pegues McGahey, a 40-year-old community support worker for the disabled, spent much of the summer in a region east, guarding the hospital's loading dock to ensure that ventilators and other locally damaged equipment weren't moved away. Her scenes were partly symbolic, she contends, since there's little left to take. Even capability for cancer gynaecology and serious surgery, intensive care and internal medicine, was shifted this summer to Trail, an hour away in good weather. Other Kootenay communities saw the same care beds in their hospitals close altogether.

Other loyal members of Save Our Services, only one of a number of Nelson-

area groups fighting the cuts, watch the emergency ward. They track the often ugly scramble to find available private beds, sometimes so far away in Vancouver, Edmonton or Washington State. On a recent afternoon, Kimo and Lee Jarchow closed their photography business early to take a shift monitoring the emergency room. Lee, now 61, suffered a stroke in 1998. Within minutes of her arrival that day she received expert care in the hospital's intensive care unit. Since July, the former ICU has been used as a staff lunchroom. "I don't think we pay taxes to have this happen," she says.

Penny Blane, a nurse at the hospital since 1975, stops to chat with the Jarchows. Operating rooms, outwards have caused her to join a medical nodal from Nelson (she has since moved to Maine). Two surgeons left this summer. Dr. Doug Norrish is moving to Kelowna later this month after 14 years as a general practitioner and emergency room physician. The goal of balancing the budget is laudable, he says, but the pace and strategy of change is fraught with risk for patient and doctor. "I'm not prepared to live with that right now," he says. Nor is Blane. Shifting services to Trail offers little prospect of staff savings, she believes, and has meant to date placing patients "where not a better place."

But Premier Gordon Campbell is committed to ensuring a projected deficit of some \$4 billion this fiscal year—and to pursuing an ideological quest for smaller government. Fewer public services perform fewer public services, across the spectrum. Nowhere are the political risks higher than the attempt to reform health care—which accounts for 41 cents of every provincial tax dollar. Critics say the spectre of closing nursing homes and emergency services has contributed to a 39-per-cent drop in Liberal support, though at 45 per cent the Liberals remain far ahead of the tiny NDP opposition. Adding to Nelson's angry sense of isolation are cuts that Mayor Gary Fowler says will eliminate one-third of 600 public



sector jobs in local regional offices. "It's almost like every move they made is punishing rural B.C.," he says.

Campbell's campaign prescription to "revive" and "improve" health care became, after his May 2001 election, a crying need to "reduce costs and improve efficiency." His government increased health spending by \$1.1 billion—an amount largely swallowed by salary increases and the costs of a lightning-fast restructuring. It slashed the number of local health authorities to six from an unwieldy 52, and gave them autonomy to make the hard regional decisions. The political pain will be a result of health cuts in Ontario and Alberta offered a valuable lesson: amputation without anaesthetic is best done quickly, with someone else's hand on the arm.

In parts of the Kootenays, which is divided between the Liberals and their new co-



alition, the Kelowna-based Interior Health Authority, which administers more than \$1 billion for the needs of 722,000 people in a vast swath of inland B.C. It was the Liberal campaign platform that promised: "We are going to make sure that people have the care they need, when they need it, where they live." It was the IHA which designated Trail as the regional hospital.

While the Liberal promise works well for the 7,700 people of Trail, emergency surgery or intensive care is now an hour away for the 9,600 people of Nelson. Further north, it's two hours away for the 1,100 people of Kaslo, whose hospital's 48-bed-style emergency ward used to take patients for a one-hour trip to Nelson. For hundreds of families living still farther north, in tiny communities like Ladang or Ardenia, treatment is three hours away on summer roads.

Nelson ambulance paramedic Brian

Levin speaks of the all-important first hour when treatment for wounds or illness can make a life-or-death difference. "No matter how you slice it, second hour," he says, "your golden hour is shot." Dr. Grant Fuld, a Nelson general practitioner and anesthesiologist, with a stunner through the Kootenay Lake emergency department, quies this morning, and the former ICU, where three staff members on break sip coffee. Pushing a desperately ill person off to Trail, he points out, is engineering for the patient and leaves emergency doctors



frustrating. "We're actually just waiting for some disaster to occur to emphasize the point of how dangerous the situation is," Fuld says. The entire hospital medical staff has signed a petition calling the changes "unsafe and unsustainable."

In Kaslo, Wyckie Jennings, 77, and her husband Jim, 74, became through their local hospital, viewing old friends in the bright, cheerful extended-care rooms. They've given council volunteer hours to their tiny hospital, accepting that any serious emergency would be handled in Nelson. The prospect of new living two hours from any substantial medical services frightens and angers them. Even so, it's hard to reconcile the Jennings, and their kind, gentle ways, with Jim's recent blustering letter to the permit. "I'm definitely concerned for your well," he wrote Campbell. "First, John 3:15 tells us that no one can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and you are on the

Campbell wants to erase a projected deficit of some \$4 billion—and pursue an ideological quest for smaller government

HORROR STORIES FROM THE KOOTENAYS

Nelson-area residents say their safety is jeopardized by provincial health reforms that gutted services at their city hospital, and shifted most emergency care and surgery an hour away to Trail. Murray Ramsden, CEO for the provincially created Interior Health Authority, says regionalized services result in better care at lower cost. Getting patients to hospital will always be a challenge, he says. "Rural B.C. has got mountains, rivers and vast geographical areas." Still, recent medical emergencies have shaken the faith of many in their health-care system. Some examples:

■ This is a devastating year for Fred Peterson, 70. The Nelson resident was recovering from triple bypass heart surgery when he suffered a stroke in March. Months later he was diagnosed with bone cancer. In mid-July, while in Kootenay Lake Hospital in Nelson, he developed an abscess in his groin. He was flown by air ambulance to Kelowna for surgery. Less than 24 hours later, he was returned to Nelson, a trip of more than seven hours involving transfers to three different ambulances en route. In Kelowna he was transferred to a fourth ambulance for the hospital in Trail. Nine 12 hours later, he was bounced back to Nelson.

"We disagreed with the whole thing," says Peterson, who believes the surgery could have been handled at Kootenay Lake prior to the outbreak. "I think this is a hard-headed, hot-lane government," says his wife Della at his hospital bedside in Nelson. "It looks compassionate. People like Fred, they treat him like a



Mackie is still asking herself why local doctors couldn't handle Jayson's emergency

pack of ants that can be moved from one storage room to another, wherever the cost can be cheapest." He has since been moved to a long-term facility in Roseland, almost 90 minutes from their home, because there were no available beds in Nelson.

■ Karen Mackie watched in horror on a July morning when her one-year-old son Jayson swallowed a nickel, began to choke and turned blue. She flipped him upside down, pointed on his back, and apparently knocked the coin from his trachea to his esophagus. With the immediate danger past,

she rushed to Kootenay Lake Hospital some 20 minutes away, to be told neither Nelson nor Trail had the capability to help. She and Jayson were flown by air ambulance to the children's hospital in Vancouver at a cost, she was later told, of \$5,000. There, some 13 hours after the incident, doctors attempted but failed to retrieve the coin, which had moved safely into Jayson's digestive tract. Children swallow things all the time, says Mackie. But, she adds, "My child was in grave danger and it wasn't able to be handled up here, and my question is, why?"

■ On Sept. 5, Tanya Harmer, 56, of the tiny Kootenay community of Tlinoan, was in a devastating crash northwest of Nelson and Trail. She and the woman in the other vehicle were taken to Nelson, where they were stabilized and transported to Trail. The severity of Harmer's injuries resulted in her transfer, first to Spokane, Wash., and finally to Seattle's Hill, Spokane-area Dr. Edwards says such severe injuries have always necessitated transfer to a major trauma hospital, and that, among other considerations, Spokane was the closest with the facilities needed.

Harmer's relatives wonder why she wasn't moved immediately to Kelowna or Vancouver, rather than being bounced from hospital to hospital. Her treatment in the U.S. could last months, and will cost "huge American dollars," says her sister-in-law Nadine Hatherly. "It depicts the paucity of centralization of services by sending people to the U.S." Hatherly says the incident has caused her and her husband to consider moving from the Nelson area to a community with a full-service hospital.

and we are expecting them to achieve high standards of patient care."

Critics say the decision was tainted by political realities. The smiling giant Tech Connoisseur, Trail's dominant employer, is a generous donor to the local hospital, and to the provincial Liberals. Tech companies gave more than \$60,000 to the party last year, and outgoing chairman Norman Kerrill has Campbell's ear as a member of the B.C. Progress Board, a private-sector economic advisory group. Such speculation is dismissed as "paranoia" by Allan Balfour, a Nelson lawyer and first-term Liberal MLA. "While he is not very happy" that surgery moved to Trail, the election promise of health care "where you live"

must be tempered by economic reality, he says. "There is no logical extreme that would close a hospital on every corner."

The definition of that guarantee may yet be determined in court. Nelson's Save Our Services is suing the province and the health authority, seeking an injunction on the grounds the reforms violate federal standards of accessible health care. Campbell says the restructuring ensures equity—access to a system "that will be sustainable for the future." In communities like Nelson, though, there's little faith in political prescriptions from distant Victoria. It's the hospital on the hill they trust. It's doctors, not politicians, who hold the higher ground.

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A SEA CHANGE IN QUEBEC

The Mario Dumont phenomenon is only one sign of a new look for a distinct society

AH, QUEBEC. Where else can a young thirtysomething fringe party leader with a knack for cool suits and clever repartee become the premier-in-waiting, almost overnight?

Mario Dumont seemed quite a bit during his first official foray into English Canada last last month, standing in front of a giant Maple Leaf at the Canadian Club in Toronto, outlining a political doctrine far enough to the right to startle any oil-patch Reformist, adding far good measure that Canada is OK and that the language situation in Quebec should be left alone.

In Quebec, where everything is national, *l'État—le State*—has been a sacred cow for 40 years. Even Liberals here recently sound like bearded socialist interventionists. But Dumont is promising to slash the province's bureaucracy and abolish job security in the public sector. That, and allow a no-need health system to boot. If an election were held today in the province, polls indicate Dumont would become premier.

How we've been missing something here? A few months ago, Mario Dumont was a featherweight pol with a future. Then, his party started winning by-elections, and suddenly Dumont's future is now. Premier Bernard Landry's Parti Québécois and Liberal Leader Jean Charest are scrambling, reacting almost daily to Dumont's pronouncements. He has set Quebec's political system on its ear. The *premier* just loves Mario.

What happened? "That is very typical of Quebec," says Jean-Marie Lévesque, a pollster and marketing expert in Montreal. "Trends tend to take off much faster here



The Action démocratique leader has gone from featherweight to premier-in-waiting

than in the rest of the country. They tend to die much faster as well."

People in Quebec do many things differently. They drive faster, but so far can't turn right on a red light. Pedestrians view jaywalking as mere asseveration. People here go out of their way to buy fresh bread every day, they drink more wine, less booze than in the rest of Canada. Cars that are hot sellers in Quebec—the Volkswagen Golf, for instance—are often oddities in other provinces.

Lévesque is an expert on the Quebec difference. With offices in Toronto, Winnipeg and New York, as well as Montreal and Quebec City, he specializes in helping large corporations gain a foothold in the

unique Quebec market. "I think it is fair to say that Mario Dumont is the by-product of deeper changes that have taken place in Quebec, more than the cause of change," he points out.

What changes? We can get a clue from the squirearchy kid who was recently working the busy corner of Sherbrooke Street and St-Laurent Boulevard in Montreal. "Things are looking up for me, because now I am able to beg in three languages—French, English, Spanish," he boasted to his pierced-lipped lady friend. A bilingual francophone street kid, washing windshields on Flag Alley, the strip forever associated in the national psyche with crowds of demonstrators waving the fleur-de-lis, during "Le Québec aux Québécois" year after year?

Precisely. The language situation has

changed, and so have the political prospects of voters. The Parti Québécois was slow to realize that. The Liberals were coasting along, waiting for the PQ to fall. Then Duroseau emerged: a fresh face, a new approach. "He certainly is the right product at the right time," says Léger.

"Bilingual. That's your key word," says Guy Bourthier, the president of the Société St-Jean Baptiste, the nationalist lobby. "The younger generations of immigrants have learned French in school. English on the street, and their mother tongue at home. And of course, most Anglos who have stayed or come here can now speak some French." The old barriers have fallen. It is a new Quebec out there.

Everywhere you look, you see signs that Montrealers have come out of their various ghettos. Teenagers are developing a new way of speaking French, light years away from *jeu*—the harshest, working-class vernacular favored by their nationalist parents. Today, they speak Jacques Villeneuve—a slightly mispronounced accent, with distorted diphthongs and a singsongy rhythm that sounds vaguely international chic, and is greeted by kids of all cultural backgrounds here but heard nowhere else in the world.

Giving English-sounding names (Le Best Area) to bars and restaurants in fashionable neighborhoods is cool. Anglos have long since ventured outside their designated hangouts of Crescent Street or Gracie Avenue. Now they are bold enough to speak English loudly on the street on the Plateau. Most Royal—and since they can also speak French when needed, they are not frowned upon when they don't. Hearing Anglos mixing in ordering in French to French waiters smiling on serving them in English is not even a story anymore—it is common.

Callers to the Gazette are greeted with a cheery "Bonjour!" The Gazette is a good story. Until recently, its mission statement was "The English language Daily." A new publisher—former *Nouvelles* football star Larry Smith—has adopted it to the new times in a happy, all-encompassing city. "The Gazette is all of Montreal," he told Maclean's. "We are taking an inclusive approach. There are 350,000 immigrants, francophones, anglophones, allophones, people multicultural and



Wilfrid Charvet (center) and then premier Lucien Houdeau during the 1988 campaign

multilingual, who could read the Gazette but don't." For Smith, linguistic peace means business opportunity.

There, Montreal is coming together at long last. Once—the linguistic tensions were mostly felt there. But opinion polls repeatedly stress that people throughout Quebec express a "need for change." A political spectra based on the former divisions is due for a major shakeup, and that is what is happening in the province today. The Quiet Revolution is unraveling. That is the story.

Quiet Revolution won the name given to the push by the Liberal led by Jean Lesage in the 1960s to modernize the Quebec government and have it play an increasingly aggressive role in the economy. The wildest way the economy is controlled by *Business*, Anglos, and French-speakers are not welcome. *À l'air du Québec* was born. French speakers quickly adjusted to the fact that "their" government in Quebec City was rooting for them. For

many, Big Brother was a nice guy. Once the initial economic imbalances between Francos and Anglos were offset, Big Brother barged onto the linguistic landscape. Under the PQ, the State became the guardian of the "collective rights" of the French-speaking majority. The Liberals rode that platform too. For a long time, it was difficult to criticize the role of the State in Quebec without rising being branded as a secessionist, a traitor, or worse, a federalist.

What the street is telling the government today is OK, we're fine, thank you very much.

To counter the meteoric rise of Duroseau's *Action démocratique du Québec*, the Liberals have acted boldly. They have published a working draft of their own contrast platform—a year ahead of the expected election. It puts them to the left of Duroseau's party and to the right of the PQ. The ruling PQ will be left defending a traditional, albeit modernized left-wing stance: stressing the importance of a vigorous government, equipped to protect individuals against the greed heads running the world's economy.

One of Duroseau's favorite lines is, "We have to think outside the box." The box, in Quebec, is the rule the provincial government is expected to play in citizens' daily lives. That is a long way from the "with or without Canada" that has dominated public debate here for years. It is going to be an interesting time in Quebec politics.



What you can't see is the boy running to get the ball.

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THE REAL-LIFE DREAMS OF JAROME IGINLA

SUMMONING EVERY OUNCE of nerve they've got, three small boys approach Jarome Iginla, hoping to speak with hockey's reigning scoring champ now that practice is over. He's discreetly diked out in divines-black leather jacket, pale blue T-shirt, faded jeans—but they've spotted him anyway, sitting up in Calgary's Pengrowth Saddledome stands. At first they keep a polite distance, since he's already talking to someone else, but it's clear they're looking courage the longer they wait. So Iginla excuses himself from his conversation to greet the boys with a broad smile and a big right hand, which, one by one, they shake. By then, though, they're too excited mouthed to blurt out a "Hi," let alone what they came to say, so the big guy gets things rolling. "How ya doing? Have a fun summer?" Iginla asks. A couple of nods. "How's school?" he asks. "What grade are you in?" The biggest boy holds up four fingers.

There's an awkward silence nod, finally, one of the boys mumbles the question they came to ask: "Are you playin' tonight?" he wants to know, and all three lean in for the answer. "No," Iginla says, explaining that in preseason games the coaches want to see the rookies more than the vets. "Sorry

about that," he says. Disappointed, the boys turn to go, but Iginla stops them in their tracks. "You guys have anything I can sign?" he asks. They wheel around, happier. "Really?" asks the littlest lad. "Sure," Iginla says, and he proceeds to autograph the scraps of paper they dig out of their pockets. Several thank yous later, they shuffle off.

Talk about asking for trouble. As soon as he's done signing things for kids, the professional autograph hounds in the building pounce, thrusting hundred dozens of rare-condition trading cards under Iginla's nose. They don't apologize for interrupting him. They just watch carefully as he signs dozens of cards, calculating, perhaps, what each will soon sell for in card shops and on Web sites. Iginla knows that was the price he'd pay for taking out a pen for the little boys, but he still did it. "It's part of the game," he says.

Not for everyone. Too many pro athletes only smile when the businessmen are afar ring, and they think their big contracts and athletic gifts insulate them in a free pass on civility. Minnesota Vikings receiver Randy Moss provided the most recent example of extreme jack-potential. He mugged his honey car up to a Minnesota traffic agent and pushed her down a street last month, even-

He's the reigning NHL scoring champ and a role model for minority kids. And, JAMES DEACON reports, he's just getting started.

There's more than the usual pressure on Iginla going into the new season, but he's still his usual exuberant self.



rudely knocking her to the ground. The referee? She refused to allow him to make an illegal move. Didn't she know the rules don't apply to superstars?

No wonder the sports world is starving for guys like Igla. The people who buy tickets and jerseys invest a lot of emotion in the elegant millionaires who play for the home teams, and it turns when their heroes turn out to be crooks. So fans, kids especially, connect with Igla. Starting his seventh full National Hockey League season, he still seems to have that purehearted excitement about playing hockey.

About life in general, in fact. He is relatively decent, a 25-year-old man whose moral compass is directed by strong but disorienting Christian convictions, and who appreciates his great fortune rather than bemoaning the incongruities of fame. He's parsing his mother through university so she can pursue a second career. He can tribulate both his time and his money to Calgary-area charities. He's the nice guy you'd have liked your daughter to bring home if he weren't already engaged to his junior-high sweetheart. Brad Lukowich, a teammate on Igla's junior team in Kamloops, B.C., once summarized: "If you took the best player on the ice, the best leader in the locker room, the best commantra guy with the fans, and put them altogether, that's Jarome."

It is fitting, then, that his last name means "big tree" in his father's dialect, Yoruba. He needs to be stout because, these days, everyone wants a piece of the muscular right winger who won the NHL scoring title last season—he was the only player with 50 or more goals (32). With Joe Sakic and Simon Gagne in the Winter Games in Salt Lake City, he formed Canada's most potent forward line on the men's team that so gloriously won gold. And at season's end, even though the Flames failed to make the playoffs, he was voted the league's most outstanding player by his peers. He's been surrounded with sequels from fans, reporters and sponsors (he has deals with EA Sports, Campbell's and General Mills), leaving it to Flames PR director Peter Bionline to say no. Igla hasn't learned the word yet.



At training camp with Martin St. Louis (opposite), Igla's focus was already on making the playoffs. He has enjoyed success at every level, from minor hockey (bottom left) to the Olympic Games (above), to his first of two goals in the gold-medal game.

He is also coveted because of his skin color. His Nigerian-born father, Elvis, is black, his American-born mother, Susan Schochard, is white. So their son, like Tiger Woods, is a multi-racial star in a profession rarely white sport and never as a role model for visible minorities who might feel that out of the game. Igla says race never got in the way of his own hockey opportunities when he was a kid in St. Albert, outside Edmonton, but he knows he stood out. Other kids, and their parents, reminded him of that. "I was aware, and others would say to me, that there weren't many black players in the NHL," he says carefully. "So it meant a lot to me that Grant Fuhr was playing right there in Edmonton, winning Stanley Cups and being an all-star. It meant a lot to see Terry McKeown and Claude Vilgrain. I followed those guys, so I'm glad if I can be a role model—I know what it means to me."

And then there is his multi-faceted role with the Flames, who made the NHL season this week. They haven't qualified for

the playoffs since 1996, and Igla desperately wants to end that dubious record. Fans, meanwhile, will be expecting him to justify the two-year pact he just signed with the Flames for a whopping US\$33 million, a vast sum for a small-market franchise with a mediocre future (page 34). Some argue the Flames paid too much, but their financial woes might have been worse had they tried selling tickets without their star attraction. So on top of everything else, he's central to the team's marketing campaign.

Instead of grasping under the load, Igla's remarkably cool about it. "There's pressure after signing a big deal, pressure to live up to scoring 30 goals, and the way I look at it is," he explains. "When I was a kid, I saw Wayne Gretzky doing all the interviews, and Mark Messier and Steve Yzerman. They had all those pressures every year, and they still handled it. So that's what I want to do now, you know?"

A LOT OF PEOPLE were surprised by Igla's dominance last season. They

shouldn't have been. He decided at age 7 he was going to make it to the NHL, after one of his very first games. It soon became clear he was talented, and he succeeded at every level. He won two Memorial Cups for junior-hockey supremacy with the Kamloops Blazers, and the 1996 world junior championship with the national team. Individually, he was named Western Hockey League player of the year in 1995-1996, and was runner up for NHL rookie of the year the next season.

Igla wasn't originally chosen to take part in the pre-Olympic camp that Gretzky held in Calgary last year. He was added at the last minute because Gagne was injured, and the chance to play with that elite group had a profound effect. He'd managed up against the game's best. "You could tell it boosted his confidence," his centerman, Craig Corney, says. "Jarome's got a great shot, and after that camp, he started to use it more."

To the casual observer, Igla's talent seems more natural than mechanical, and

it's true he's a gifted athlete. But a lot of sweat went into his climb into the elite ranks. He has spent hours training with a former decathlete, Bob Heinkel, to add strength and flexibility to his softest, smooth, 200-pound frame. When he reached the NHL, coaches said his skating ought to be better, so he addressed that. "I approach it like a sprinter, trying to get more explosive," Igla says of the specialized regimen. Last season, the team needed him to score more, so instead of passing in certain situations, he began to shoot. Bangs, more goals.

Igla says he's just doing whatever it takes to be a better player and to win. That it's an approach that sometimes makes him draw critics. Elvi hates that he can sometimes lose to fight, and he also knows his son isn't mindless. "As much as he's off the ice," Elvi says, "Jarome can be very physical and passionate on the ice." Igla is no defender, but he knows a fight can sometimes change a team's momentum. Last week against Edmonton, he and Oskar defenceman Eric Brewer made a up a bit.

No offense was intended, Igla says. Brewer's a pal from the Olympic team. If anything, Igla was sending a message to his teammates to play harder in a tight game with a division rival. "That's part of what happens when our two teams get together," was all he'd say about it.

DURING A PRACTICE at training camp, working on power play drills, Igla called into the slot, took a pass from Corney and fired a rocket that sailed goaltender Brian Tashir squarely in the head. The lucky forward fell like a bag of cement, but was slowly returning to his feet by the time everyone gathered to see if he was all right. His helmet was badly dented and askew, but his helmet was intact. "It hit the bar you've got," he shouted at Igla.

If success ever inflicts Igla's head, his teammates will be right there to let out the air. They call him Iggy—how cutesy is that? And they rib him for being a dawdler and for arriving late for buses. "That's because he loves to sleep," says defenceman Robyn Regehr. "He'd sleep 'til two in the afternoon every day if he could."

No one is the locker room douché that Igla's real deal. They talk about his alert and his uncanny knack for getting open in the slot. More than that, though, they talk about character. "He doesn't let his emotions get away from him," Corney says. "He gets a lot of attention from opposing teams, but he keeps his focus and finds ways to get open." Another concern: "I don't see him as a one-bit wonder at all," he says. "His work is a credit to professional, and he's determined he's always striving to be the best."

His motivation has been the same since he was a kid. Some past coaches tried to turn him into a scorer, a 15 goal and 100-pointer mimics a superstar player. He didn't bite. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "Playing in the NHL is a dream come true and I'd play any day to stay here. But I always dreamed of getting here and being a scorer, an elite player, a star, to be as a wing team, and win Stanley Cups. I know I'm not there yet, but that's still my goal."

Staples doubts he'll reach all those goals in Calgary, where the payroll's barely half of what some teams are spending. In fact, some insiders speculate that if the Flames fall out of contention early this season, they might trade Igla to a wealthier

IT MEANT A LOT TO ME TO SEE THAT GRANT FUHR WAS PLAYING RIGHT THERE IN EDMONTON, WINNING STANLEY CUPS AND BEING AN ALL-STAR. SO I'M GLAD IF I CAN BE A ROLE MODEL.

teams for receptive prospects. But general manager Craig Barton says no such plan exists, and his inside last week to acquire forwards Chris Drury and left-phase Yle from Colorado for defender Derek Morris and forwards Jeff Shantz and Dean McKeenwood indicates he's serious about contending. "We're trying to build a successful team," Barton says, "and Jarome's a big part of that."

Igala's anxious to speed that up after watching other teams compete in the playoffs the last six years. "Maybe people'll judge me by goals and points or whatever," he says. "But to me, what really is great is being able to make the playoffs and break that cycle of tough times, and share that with the team." He's so focused on that, in fact, that he and his fiancée Kari Rickland, a physiotherapist, have not set an exact date for their wedding in St. Albert next spring. His hope is he'll be busy playing into June, and then's used to having hockey dictate their schedules. They've been together since they were 13, give or take the odd rough spot.

HIS FULL NAME is Jarome Arthur-Leigh Adekunle Tig Junior Elias Igala, and it appears in full on his wrinkled old birth certificate. He was two when his parents divorced, so the only life he remembers is one in which he lived with his mother, who worked long hours outside the home as a massage therapist. His father studied law at the University of Alberta and lived elsewhere, and his maternal grandparents, Richard and Frances Schuchart, looked after him when his mother was at work. It was his grandfather, in fact, who took the boy to his first organized hockey tryout.

Back then, he was enthusiastically over-gone. "So my mom got me into every thing—bowling, tennis, Little League, you name it," he says. At one point he fancied he might grow into a Bo Jackson-type athlete, playing pro baseball, the game his grandfather taught him, as well as hockey. But then he looked at the outfield. "The seasons don't exactly work out," he says, laughing at himself as retrospective. "And really, I wasn't that good of a ballplayer."

Along with sports, he took everything from piano lessons to public-speaking classes. "My family's very musical," he says. "On my mom's side, my grandpa runs a music school in St. Albert, and my mother's back



family Alton (clockwise from left), a ballplayer at 12, with his dad on his 13th birthday, with his mother and grandparents as a toddler (three years old)



in school studying to be a drama teacher. Anyway, I used to have some battles. They'd put me into music festivals, and public-speaking things." He blushes at the memory of a shy boy having to perform in front of an audience. "I kept going up 'til junior high, but after that I gave up."

By then, he was the star of the St. Albert rep team, and was soon drafted to play for the Blazers. It started badly. "It was tough leaving home at 16 years old, and not playing a lot—I was sitting on the bench, playing two shifts a period," he explains. He'd been the star at every level, but now, the dream was in doubt. "I remember talking to my grandpa saying, 'Maybe I

should just come home.' But he was like, 'Give it a little longer.' He wasn't saying I couldn't come home, just that I should give it a try. And it did get better."

The story suggests another memory of his family. "I was very fortunate in my seasons—I wouldn't change any of it," he says. "Whenever games I had, they'd go and watch, and they were always so positive. I never heard once that I had a bad game from them. I had bad games, obviously, but I had coaches to let me know that." Now, he appreciates the fact they never pushed him. "They loved he lived in play," he says, "and they let it be my ambition."

Left to his own devices, he set his standards for himself, not just in hockey but in life. "What really defines Jarome," Elias Igala says, "is his sense of right and wrong. He worries about that a lot, and it spills out into his relationships, his work, everything." That can't be something that concerns some of today's superstars, and Elias knows that. "I'm happy Jarome's done so well in hockey," he dad adds, "but I am far happier for the person he has become."

HIS FAMILY NEVER PUSHED HIM—THEY LET IT BE MY AMBITION



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THE TROUBLES FACING THE HOME TEAMS

Montreal and Calgary couldn't afford to sign their free-agent stars. And they couldn't afford not to.



Joe Thornton

IF ANDRE SAVARD and Greg Barton submitted stories about what they did in their summer breaks, they'd probably be accused of copying each other's homework. In important ways, Savard, general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, and Barton, GM of the Calgary Flames, had identical seasons. Their top priority was to re-sign their best players (Joe Thornton in Montreal, Jarome Iginla in Calgary), both of whom were rewarded free agents, were represented by the same agent, were coming off career years, were hugely popular with local fans and were, therefore, according to National Hockey League salary rules, deserving of big raises. So Thornton got US\$16.5 million for three years, Iginla got US\$13 million for two years, and that was that.

Straitlaced, right? Who wouldn't leap at the chance to sign one of the NHL's top goalkeepers or its top scorers? But with Canadian franchises, it isn't that simple. Both teams are struggling financially, so they couldn't easily take on mega-buck salaries. Still, the fiscally prudent owner-salaries their team for younger, cheaper prospects—wasn't an option. They had to sign them to keep their teams competi-

tive, to appease fans and bolster flagging season-tickets sales.

Hockey may be the country's great sporting passion, but it's a dubious business proposition. There were eight Canadian clubs in the NHL when the league's current collective agreement was negotiated with the players in 1993. Since then, the Quebec and Winnipeg teams have gone south, and five of the remaining six clubs qualify as smaller-revenue markets whose ability to compete is being eroded by oligarchical player costs. Free-agent scoring Bobby Holik, a solid but unspectacular 54-point man with New Jersey last season, just got a five-year, US\$45-million package for joining the Hudson to play for the New York Rangers.

Lancey! You bet. Holik's US\$9 million-per-year average is more than Wayne Gretzky ever earned for a single season. The current agreement with the players expires in 2006, so team owners will be looking for premiums in the next deal that allow the inflation. "These are the best players in the world, and they should be paid accordingly," says Edmonton Oilers GM Kevin Lowe. "But the question I ask is, when is enough enough?"

When does common sense kick in?

The collective agreement not only fails to control salaries, but also insists that players' wages be paid in U.S. dollars. That cripples teams earning most of their revenues in Canadian funds. At the start of the 1995-96 season, it cost \$3.34 for an American dollar—yielding enough last season the average was \$1.99. Based on 2001-2002 payroll figures, that added \$10.6 million in costs to Toronto (its payroll was US\$42.4 million, the highest in Canada) and \$6.4 million to Edmonton (US\$25.6 million, the lowest).

Ottawa Senators owner Rod Bryden has clamored for government help, and Vancouver Canucks GM Brian Burke has called for a national lottery to benefit existing sports franchises. But so far, most politicians have rejected. Lawmakers are loathe to convert taxpayer dollars to help hockey, baseball and basketball teams pay millionaires without while education, health care and other infrastructure go begging. And while taxpayers prone to class racism create jobs and erect tens of millions of dollars into local economies, Quebec City and Winnipeg have done just fine since the Nordiques and Jets

left in 1995 and 1996, respectively.

That said, Alberta has found ways to help. The province's gaming and liquor commissions has announced a lottery to benefit the Flames and Oilers. And Ralph Klein's government is introducing a rising players' tax similar to what Connecticut-based NHLers pay which they carry in U.S. dollars. If the new schemes boost revenues by several million dollars per team, as hoped, there'll be growth on N.C., Quebec and Ontario to offer similar assistance.

Whatever their business wiles, the Canadian GMs are still going up. They say hockey isn't as bad as baseball, in which only the rich teams can sensibly compete. With careful scouting and player development, good coaching and that great intangible, chemistry, Lowe says, a low budget team can upset the big fish. Barton agrees. "With the economic climate here in Alberta," he says, "we think we can be both overperceptive and occasionally viable." But what else can they say, without sounding like they're throwing in the towel? The more telling point is this: neither team made the playoffs last spring, and budget constraints won't make that job any easier this season.

THE SILLY SEASON

Only in Canada. Contract negotiations between the CBC and its five sports test break down, and normally rather individuals and institutions come up with The Has over Ron Maclean and Hockey Night in Canada spiraled out of control and into the realm of farce. Members of Parliament weighed in from Ottawa, CBC outcasts were swamped by angry callers. The national media gave the story more prominent play than John Cheney's final Thelma speech. Who cares about George W. Bush threatening to invade Iraq? Don Cherry might have to star in the new hockey season working beside some new guy it's a crisis.

Ask yourself: would a story about the contract status of an America TV sports person ally ever make the front page of the New York Times the day after the president's State of the Union address? The reaction to the CBC's decision to break off talks with Maclean's effort of Honor self-parody with a cameo appearance from the Pharaoh Warrick, it might have been mistaken for an episode of *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*. At least Maclean got the joke. "I just want to let it come down," he told the pages of reporters who camped outside his Daville, Ont., home before the new deal was finally struck. "I'm sick of myself, as I know how you must feel."

There were special circumstances this time. It's a small, Alberta, one-sport country, and we take enormous interest in the taxpayer-funded CBC. And the two sides fed the frenzy with their handling of the negotiations. Maclean was looking for a sizable increase in his \$400,000-per-year salary, his NHL colleague Don Cherry, just signed for a reported \$190,000. And Maclean's representative, hockey agent Don Weisman, provided talks with calculated media leaks and other tactics commonly employed in player disputes. But Maclean had no leverage—there wasn't another network looking for his services—so senior CBC types, trying to keep their salary structure intact but improving public

sentiment, called his bluff and broke off talks.

For both, the compromise was the best result. Maclean gets to keep a job he loves, and it's unlikely he could have found another in Canada that would have given him the satisfaction, let alone the money, he gets from hosting ANHC, the Winter Olympics and other high-profile events. Series of his deal were not released, but it's thought to give Maclean a decent raise into the \$600,000 range, without putting him ahead of news anchor Peter Mansbridge is the CBC pecking order. And for the network, the deal secures an invaluable asset. Maclean is genius is what he appears to be on TV—charming, modest and quick-witted, as witnessed by his impromptu puns at the end of each *Country Corner*. The 42-year-old Red Deer, Alta., native is so talented he makes his job look easy, smoothly handling the vagaries of live broadcasting, with an Everyman appeal that keeps the network's glossy sports production's real fans, said CBC Sports boss Nancy Lee. "I don't love Ron Maclean."

Just as importantly, Maclean helps manage Don Cherry, not just by towing him up on *Coach's Corner* but gently challenging—as befit of veterans—Cherry's outrageous views. And while the enormously popular Cherry has performed his loose-cannon shock act on, in real life he has been predictably. Without Maclean's calming presence, Cherry might have gone completely off the rails. And that would certainly have been a crisis.



After an absurd week, Maclean was relieved to be back on the job and off the front pages

CONFRONTING THE PAST

A Canadian looks for explanations in Bogotá's slums

Paula Kling was eight when her parents moved their family from Bogotá to Toronto in 1982 to escape the escalating violence in their native country. But their really was no escape: in February 1999, after her brother had vanished, he was kidnapped by rebels and held for six months until Kling's parents paid a ransom. Cautious about the roots of the terror that had caught up to her family, Kling recently returned to Colombia to visit the slums that offer a fertile breeding ground for both the guerrillas and the country's right-wing paramilitaries. Her account:

ELEVEN YEARS have passed but still the nightmares come. In some, kidnappers in military uniforms stare at me; in others, a maid hides me in a kitchen pantry, and when I awake I have the sensation that blood, not sweat, is coating my arms. My parents had hoped to shield me from such terror when they moved our family to Toronto's posh Rosedale neighborhood. For years my mother, brother and I remained safe in Canada while my father, a businessman, continued between Toronto and our family home in Bogotá. But in 1990 my brother decided to move back—and soon after he was kidnapped. Six agonizing months later, his eyes glassed and teeth bared, he was forced to sit at a desk, his face covered in a thick beard, he was released.

I felt secure in Toronto. I had been free to ride my bike alone to Brimley and Hall, the private Rosedale school I attended. I loved the snow and ice and learned about political tolerance and respect for human rights. But shaken by my brother's kidnapping, I would often kneel in prayer at St. Basil's Church in downtown Toronto and light candles to the Virgin, begging her to explain why my family had been victimized while others had not.

Perhaps I also felt the need to pray because my family wouldn't talk about the kidnapping. My parents still won't say how much ransom they paid. What group was it, I remember once asking. "Who

care?" my father snapped. He's right. Murder and kidnapping have become everyday occurrences in Colombia. During the first half of 2002, 1,416 people were kidnapped, 228 of them children. And some 5,000 are murdered in terroristic attacks or killed in fighting every year.

To avoid becoming a statistic in Colombia's bitter war, I could have stayed safely in Canada. But my brother's kidnapping had left me with questions that recently led me to undertake a risky journey. I returned to Colombia, to visit one of the country's mean slums. It is from impoverished areas like these that guerrilla groups such as FARC—the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia—and their right-wing paramilitaries recruit young foot soldiers. Wages are partly paid with money raised through kidnapping, extortion and drug trafficking. The visit would, after my years in Canada, serve as an introduction to Colombia's misery.

I picked a slum that sits on a mountain side near Bogotá, with the intriguing name, the República de Colombia. According to local lore, it became known as that in the 1980s when one of the arch enemy residents, who was taking a charity (giving) course at the Canadian embassy, told his neighbours that Canada intended to shelter them with money and community help. The rumour grew, and hundreds came to take advantage of aid and that, of course, never came. Little Canada, as it is also known, is now home to almost 1,000.

Entering the slum is dangerous because some residents are spies for the guerrillas and paramilitaries. Had they known in advance I was coming I could easily have fallen prey to kidnapping. But without it Bogotá introduced me to a water-system representative who works in Little Canada, who agreed to take me in clandestinely.

When I stepped from his small green jeep I found myself among Colombia's poorest—the unfortunate waste the kidnappers of my brother claim to be de-fecating. I approached two men, José,

24, and Juan, 22, who, to my relief, were friendly, jeans, doused in flip-flops and munching mean-coloured paste and sweets, was born in the small village of Bolivia, in the department of Cúcuta, in a poor farm family. There was little work and, as a teenager, he travelled to Bogotá, a town in the department of Tolima, where he found employment as a carpenter and house painter. But the paramilitaries often seized ranches in the area, which grew coffee and sugar cane for export, and demanded the names of all the workers. Soon they were sending José notes ordering them to show up for appointments as if scheduling his overtime session. "I didn't go," he said. "Instead, I

gathered up everything I could and fled."

When my family home in Bogotá has three bedrooms, a spacious tiled entrance and lavete bordered with red geraniums, José's consisted of one room with a mud floor and drafty walls built from stolen salvaged billboards. Christmas lights left hanging on the wall were covered in dust; a mattress and two white plastic patio chairs were his only furniture. Earning just 30,000 pesos (\$5) a week painting window frames in a factory, José has little hope of achieving a better life.

"The government tells me to return to the countryside," he said. "But they offer no safety guarantees."

Juan fled to the República de Colombia

guerrillas and right-wing paramilitaries get their soldiers from poor areas such as these.

years ago from the FARC-dominated southern department of Cauca to avoid "the mountain"—as Colombians refer to the terrorist camps camouflaged deep in the jungle. In the slum he found his father, José Antonio, whom he had not seen since he kicked Juan out of the house at the age of 10 after accusing him of stealing money from the small business he owned. Juan moved in with his father, but when he dropped in on José Antonio, he made a clear he still believes his son stole the money. "This dumb kid couldn't pass the first grade," José Antonio said. As the

two argued, Juan's approaches, Natalia, had to intervene to keep them from punching each other.

Juan came to Bogotá with his girlfriend, and the two lived together until May, 2000, when she became pregnant. At that point her mother took her away and forced her to have an abortion. She warned her to be a prostitute, but the pregnancy would have dissuaded clients (she is currently living elsewhere with another man). For now, Juan has a construction job, helping remodel a downtown bank and working almost 12 hours a day for a paltry 3,000 pesos (\$3). In Cauca, the paramilitaries who have now moved in are promising recruits 150,000





poes (\$82) a month to fight FARC.

As we talked, a neighbour, Elizabeth, peeped in to tell them it was back for the day (because the residents cannot afford locks on their houses, they have set up a community watch to guard each other's backs from thieves). Thirty-one years old and the mother of a 13-year-old boy and two girls aged 15 and 11, the beautiful olive-skinned woman with large brown eyes and long dark hair spends her days selling frozen drinks and phone cards on a street corner in heavy traffic and pollution.

The República de Gaitán is now home to some 1,000 people—and dangerous for outsiders to visit. José Antonio (bottom right) lives there with his son and wife.

near Bogotá's airport. She cries very little. "I never have anything to give the children for breakfast," she said, also expressing concern that Juan, who has recently begun to chat up her eldest daughter, will leave her pregnant.

By the time I climbed back into the jeep to leave, we had become friends. But

I knew they reserved my privileged back ground in Colombia and the fact that I had been able to become a *casadita* leaving, I thought of St. Basil's, and saw myself kneeling in prayer, asking why my brother had been kidnapped. I now know that even though my family was terrorised, the real victims of Colombia's endless violence are the country's poor. They are honourable and kind, but condemned by fate to wait in places like the República de Gaitán for a better life that is unlikely ever to come.

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Aleks Burdard
Cornwall, PE



After I received my first paycheck, an employer my mother encouraged me to purchase my first Canada Savings Bond. Years later, she too reminded me of the advice when I completed of having no money to go travelling after high school. My bond gave me a wonderful trip and left me refreshed and ready to tackle college.

Shannon Kershner
Red Deer, AB



Years ago, after listening to me drone on about not having enough money to pay for university, my girlfriend handed me an envelope. It contained a Canada Savings Bond in my name that would pay my tuition. I loved her! And now we're using Canada Savings Bonds to save for a down payment on a house.

Nail McInerney
Toronto, ON



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Business

HOW OPEN A SKY?

Ottawa's airline expert thinks the unthinkable

IN THE WAKE OF Air Canada's merger with Canadian Airlines, Transport Minister David Collier two years ago appointed Debra Ward to review the effects of airline restructuring in Canada and make recommendations for the future. Now Ward, 47, a former president of the Travel Industry Association of Canada, has tabled her 85-page report, recommending, among other things, that the government relax the foreign ownership rules on Canadian carriers and, most controversially, consider "cabinage"—letting foreign airlines operate on routes within Canada, in competition with domestic carriers. Last week, Ottawa Correspondent **Julian Barlow** talked to her about the state of air travel

When you were appointed, Canada's airline industry was still in turmoil. Are we better off now?

Well, we're no longer in crisis. In some ways it's good. Air Canada seems to be getting it together a bit more. WestJet is growing and competition is growing. But it's not as good as it could be, should be, or ought to be for the long term.

You say Ottawa should allow foreign airlines—in reality, U.S. carriers—free reign to operate in Canada. You even suggest a unilateral move, if the United States isn't willing to agree its routes to, say, Air Canada. How did you come to that conclusion?

If it's a reciprocal arrangement, it makes sense like free trade made sense. Canadian business has done quite well under free trade, so I don't see why our aviation community shouldn't fare as well. Unilateral open skies would be a struggle, but at the end of the day it's important that the government be able to stand back and look at the greater good—not only what's good for carriers, but what's good for consumers.

How do you see it working? Initially, you could consider cabinage in

regions, like the continental midwest or the two coasts. If you are not getting adequate service, say in Atlantic Canada, you could have a small U.S. airline carrier deal done there. That could be a case where it would be beneficial without severely harming Canadian carriers. We shouldn't close the door to that because it might help both communities, in Canada and the U.S., get the service they need.

Is it important that Air Canada stay in Canadian hands?

Not to me. It's important from a national pride point of view. But I don't think it affects business decisions. We're labouring under the myth that because these carriers are Canadian, they will do something good for us. Well, they're not obliged to do anything. They don't even have to buy Canadian goods and services. They're businesses and if they fly to certain countries it's because it makes good business sense and for no other reason.

David Collier has basically shut down your additional open skies concept. Are you

disappointed he has taken such a firm stance?

No. He and I agree to disagree on this. He hired me to do a job without having any idea what I would say, so I gave him credit for letting me stir the pot. Don't forget, these recommendations are meant for the long term. I'm not saying we should do this right away.

In your discussions with travellers, what's the major complaint about service today?

The biggest frustration I see is that there isn't enough choice. If people don't have choice, they don't have power. Air Canada has 73 per cent of the market now. I believe if given a choice, many people would still choose Air Canada because it's a better airline than it's given credit for. It's certainly better than I've flown for in the United States. But there's a world of difference between choosing Air Canada and being forced to take it because it's the only game in town.

Do you think Canadians will ever see two national airlines slugging it out for their passengers again?

Not the way they did it before. It would again turn into a war of attrition. But there are other ways I'd like to see another domestic carrier that somehow manages to feed into an international alliance. That would expand the choices for travellers beyond what we have now.



Debra Ward would allow foreign carriers to operate on Canadian domestic routes.



AN UGLY CLIMATE

Chrétien's Kyoto commitment poses a severe challenge to Canada's outlook

THE INVESTING CLIMATE is frightening. \$0.00, the atmospheric climate. And so, too, the desperation of a fading Canadian politician who seeks to use a currently fashionable discourse of opinion about the atmospheric climate toicken the economic climate of the strongest economy in the industrial world.

As Idaho's big winds roared up from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the St. Lawrence, U.S. stocks rose to new lows. As veteran market-watchers saw it, stocks were doing what they've done so often in hurricane season: plunge violently.

One of New York's oldest mottos is, "Sell in May and go away." It is, of course, a direct challenge to a much hoarser motto, "Buy and hold." Investors, it asserts, who stay out of the market from May through the end of October outperform those who stay invested. The facts support that one. Summer-time and early autumn are for the backyard, the beach, basking about the market—and basking down for a big blow.

The hurricane season coincides with the most dangerous time for stocks. Good news for the weather channels tend to be bad times for CNBC or ROBTX.

There is even a Great Storm that has entered market lore as an omen. In October, 1887, one of the few hurricane-strength winds ever recorded in England tore through the Home Counties. Particularly hard hit were historic Kenilworth. The storm uprooted trees that dated to Georgian times. The following Monday, world stock markets plunged, led by the 22.6 per cent collapse of the Dow Jones Industrials—by far the worst one-day drop in stock-market history. For years thereafter, traders in the City of London spoke of that unique storm the way Shakespearian characters talk of rich portraits as yawning grasses, eclipses and comets.

Well, maybe. More likely, the connection between hurricanes and market plunges is the physics of hurricanes: they

are born in overheated conditions, they involve fast moving, heated air, and they blow themselves out as they cool off.

Idaho wasn't a hurricane on the scale of Andrew, Hugo, or Mitch, and the 3.6 per cent drop in the Dow during the storm wasn't on the scale of the July plunge. However, it came at the end of a dreadful quarter—the worst since, yes, 1987.

What has been unfolding is a witches' brew of bad news and bad vibes. The U.S. and European economies are weaker than almost anyone predicted. Argentina and Brazil are imploding, and Japan is looking even worse than usual.

The Canadian economy continues to be the strongest in the G7, led by the oil and gas industry, and, in particular, the boom in oil sands production and development. The TSX has not reflected that fine performance, partly because of the cross-border seepage of bad news from New York, but also the travails of such slowly unfolding collapses as Nortel and JDS Uniphase.

More recently, the quarter has had to contend with a made-in-Canada problem. Another slowly unfolding collapse—the prime mismanagement of Jean Chrétien—has unleashed a new challenge to investors' fragile optimism about the economy, the outlook for corporate profits and the Canadian dollar. By making the unilateral announcement that Canada will bail itself to the Kyoto accord, Chrétien has confounded those who believed he had reformed since his incoherence with the National Energy Policy. The NEP was an assault on the West, particularly Alberta, designed to benefit the East, based on a

disastrous misunderstanding of the future of oil and gas. Those Albertans who warned that he would again sacrifice the province's interests for Ottawa conceived priorities are saying, "I told you so."

They are too paranoid. He should not be accused of being anti-Albertan. On the evidence, he is more susceptible to a charge of being anti-North American. The entire continent has a profound interest in a stable, reliable alternative oil source to the Middle East. Kyoto would mean a cutback in Canada's oil development at a time of U.S.30 crude-oil sells at such consumer-unfriendly levels because of bombings in Israel and the threat of war in Iraq.

The logic in Chrétien's position can, perhaps, be found in those solemnized "insights" he delivered on the anniversary of 9/11. He espoused policies that will have the effect of narrowing the wealth gap between us and the Third World. If we aren't so rich, they won't envy us so much.

Kyoto comes up at every meeting. I address. Some worried investors ask whether it's time to bail out of oil sands-related stocks such as Suncor and Canadian Oil Sands Trust. Others ask whether they shouldn't get out of Canadian bonds because of the impact these policies will have on the Canadian dollar.

In support of my optimism about the outlook for Canadian equities and the Canadian dollar, I tell them the consequences for Canada of signing on to Kyoto in its present form are so severe that I assume it will not go forward. I argue that the Liberals in a party learned from the NEP, free trade and the GST that sound economic policies, not Toronto Annex incoherence, are their pathway to permanent power. I cannot resist noting that, based on prolonged personal observations, Toronto has worse air quality problems than Chicago. Among the gases and particulates that colour Toronto skies and, doubtless, produce health problems for Asthma residents, carbon dioxide is not a key offender.

Hurricane season is waning, which should mean a better climate for stocks—unless Ottawa's generated emissions maintain the malaise.

Donald Cooke is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based JDS's Harvard Investments. His column appears every week. cooke@mcclintock.ca

He should not be accused of being anti-Albertan. On the evidence, he is more susceptible to a charge of being anti-North American.



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IMAGES THAT HAUNT US

An international jury picks the best news photographs of the year

THEY ARE PICTURES of 2001 that are difficult to forget—a plane bearing down on the World Trade Center, the smile of an unwarmed Afghan girl. Nearly 20,000 photographs taken last year were submitted to the World Press Photo Contest, and the winners are now on display in a traveling show that will ultimately be seen by more than a million people (the tour, which has already been in Montreal, will be in Taiwan from Oct. 15 to Nov. 2, its only other Canadian stop). Founded in 1955 in the Netherlands, World Press Photo aims to promote the work of professional press photographers around the globe. As well as traditional news photographs, the winners are from the arts, sports and other feature categories. The photo of the year should be a "photojournalistic encapsulation of the year." The 2001 winner (opposite) was taken by Erik Kiefer, a Danish photojournalist, at the Jalal refugee camp in Pakistan. Given permission by a bereaved Afghan family to take pictures, Kiefer photographed the body of their child as he was prepared for burial.

The body of a one-year-old boy who died of dehydration is wrapped in a white funeral shroud in an Afghan refugee camp in Pakistan in June, 2001. Palestinian boys at the funeral of a Patah member in Israel (above)



Not permitted to sit with men inside the car, Afghan women huddle in the trunk while an armed guard runs a checkpoint. Days after the fall of the Taliban, life is still harsh for the women of Afghanistan.



A girl from Togo sells water in Libreville, Gabon. Working in oil fields is growing in West Africa.



Clockwise from top: Colombian rebels search a bus passing through territory they control; In an effort to curb the spread of foot-and-mouth disease in Britain, piles of sheep and cattle carcasses await incineration in Cambria; skeletons from a Bosnian mass grave are laid out for identification—personal effects along with forensic techniques are allowing family members to identify missing relatives



YOU CALL THIS PROGRESS?

It's time to rethink how we measure 'growth' in our society

WHEN GROSS DOMESTIC Product goes up, the media and currency have been conditioned to shout *hooray*. Yet in the boardrooms somewhere, decision makers could be looking at those same robust growth figures with concern, fearing the economy may be overheating and creating the conditions for higher inflation. At some point, if these signals become too alarming, central bankers will raise their interest rates and—*poof!*—your mortgage payment just went up. In this way, we use indicators of economic growth to generate a series of non-economic policies and outcomes.

Whether this is a good economic policy or not has been debated for decades. What is rarely discussed outside academics circles, however, is whether these indicators of progress actually give us the right guidance to create the society we collectively want. The implications go far beyond mere economics or the means of economic measurement. Competing views of the world—each justified by how we measure progress—play a part in the real world of public policy and public choice.

As an example, the Canadian Petroleum Association claims that adhering to the Kyoto goals of reducing carbon emissions will cost somewhere around \$36 billion. The David Suzuki Foundation, however, estimates that achieving even 25 per cent of the Kyoto target would save Canadian \$1 billion in health costs resulting from pollution. One side claims we should not proceed because it would impede our prosperity; the other says it's irresponsible not to sign on to Kyoto.

The difference arises because the two organizations include (and exclude) different costs in their assumptions of what is a cost and what is a benefit. The purpose of redefining prosperity by including, as the Suzuki group does, the non-monetary consequences of growth is not simply to give us a different measure of progress—



an alternative societal scoreboard to show where we are moving (backward instead of forward). It would also reflect society's values more fully and give more guidance to our policy makers. If our analysis of our situation has been incomplete (or wrong), then the decisions flowing from these measurements will have been ineffective or misdirected.

For example, if current levels of carbon emissions require, say, \$1 billion in additional spending to treat cases of childhood asthma that would have not occurred if we adhered to the 1990 levels that Kyoto is seeking, isn't that something we should include in our calculations of the "cost" of adhering to the protocol? Doesn't

this give us a different perspective on the importance and "value" of attaining Kyoto's goals?

Traditional measures of progress record every monetary transaction on the asset side of the balance sheet. The assumption is that all activity that generates income—regardless of whether we, as a society, consider the activity or its outcome desirable—is a contributor to growth. Consumption drives prosperity, the argument goes, and all expenditures—even those associated with, say, crime, breast cancer and environmental catastrophe—are talked as contributions to our prosperity. Police costs must be manufactured to fight crime; hospitals must be built and health work-

Essay | >

ers failed to treat cancer, hourly wages must be paid to clean-up crews. Under this thinking, even the events of Sept. 11 could be considered progress because they boosted GDP.

An alternate school of thought that has emerged over the past decade urges us to consider a series of offsetting measures. By taking into account elements that are not strictly financial activity, and considering the costs as well as the benefits of growth, those who seek to "refine progress" are attempting to get us to look through a different prism to measure society's progress. What is the cost of loss of property and life that results from crime? What is the price we pay for family disintegration or lost wages that accompany treatment of and often death from, cancer? What "services" do we lose from nature, and what would be the cost to replace them, when the environment is degraded?

There was a time when cumulative measures of output seemed to reflect our notion of prosperity quite well. Producing 15 widgets added more wealth than 14. If Factory A could manufacture 15 widgets in less time than Factory B, it was deemed more efficient, and all factories were advised to adopt the practices that made Factory A more productive. But now, with our more sophisticated understanding of the interlocking nature of the economy, individual well-being and the environment, an argument can be made that the standard, straight-line calculation of growth masks the real effect of economic activity on society's health. If Factory A is achieving productivity by lowering its environmental standards or providing unhealthy working conditions, maybe its practices should be avoided rather than emulated. Perhaps we should be including environmental standards and working conditions—not simply the rate of widget production—in our formula for measuring progress.

The alternative thinking corresponds with much of the anxiety we see in current public opinion. Canadians recognize a series of contradictions about the true health of our society and whether it is progressing at all. We live with unprecedented homelessness in the shadow of unprecedented economic growth. Obesity has

Something is wrong when expenditures associated with crime, breast cancer, environmental catastrophe—even Sept. 11—are tallied as positive contributors to our prosperity

reached epidemic proportions. Unemployment is at all-time highs, and so is the rate of young adult suicide. All the while, health-care costs spiral in tandem with soaring costs in emergency wards.

The "refining progress" movement begins with an effort to account for non-paid (predominantly female) work. A restaurant is allowed to deduct its costs of inventory and wages and amortize its investment in equipment. Considering these activities to be contributors to the economy, we include them in our measurement of growth. Even more importantly, because of the role the restaurant plays in job creation, inventory and equipment acquisition and providing a service to the community, we reward this in public policy by allowing restaurants to deduct these costs before their taxes are calculated. As a society we acknowledge that we value this activity. But the meal prepared in the home—using identical inventory, equipment and labour (if only on a different scale)—is neither added to our GDP nor recognized as a deductible cost by our tax system. Not only is this unfair, claim the new thinkers, it undervalues—and therefore diminishes—the importance of domestic work.

The same perspective is now being applied to the environment. We have taken great pride in the triumph of globalization in recent years and loudly trumpet the value of worldwide economic output in the order of \$31 trillion annually. Taking the wind out of the sails of this celebration, a group of concerned economists has determined that the cost to generate the services that nature provides (for free) would be \$133 trillion. In other words, our planet produces significantly more economic output, by providing water, oxidizing the atmosphere

and so on, than every industry, government and individual combined.

This notion of "nature's capital" is illustrated by the likes of Janet Akerman of the Worldwatch Institute, a Washington-based public policy research organization. She has determined that the cornfields in a honeybee meadow pollinating flowers has up to 100 times more value than the honey it produces for the beekeeper. University of Toronto philosopher Joseph Heath has similarly determined that when government forces drivers to switch from leaded to more expensive unleaded gas, it generated a net benefit for everyone, including those who had to pay more at the pump. That's because consumers got a major health benefit in the form of cleaner air. The result, notes Heath, is an overall gain in the efficiency of our economy, even though it may look like a loss in financial terms.

Defining progress in terms other than the monetary value of output is now being extended to other sectors. Alternative thinking treats the "savings" of eliminating a smoke prevention line as an added cost of health care, as the discourage end up in an emergency ward rather than on the other end of a telephone. The E. coli water disaster in Walkerton, Ont., and fire that razed the security breach that led to Sept. 11, have demonstrated that smaller governments do not necessarily lead to "efficiencies" or real cost savings. The price we are now paying for obesity may be seen as offsetting to the economic benefits of frying Big Macs. Childhood asthma is part of the Suzuki Foundation's calculation of the cost of not implementing Kyoto.

Traditional measures of progress made sense when the roles of private and public sector were more distinct and the interdependencies of economic activity, individual well-being and the consequent were less clear. As we have come to appreciate that in complex systems a benefit to one part can mean a cost to another, this tradition no longer serves us well. Not only are we deluding ourselves about the extent to which we are "progressing" as a species, we are failing to take account of the true values our society wishes to pursue. ■

Alan K. Grigg is chairman of the polling and consulting firm The Strategic Counsel.

“For many people with risk factors, the ability to delay or even prevent the disease is possible.”

Diabetes



I'm

a strong back for diabetes, and so is my husband," the caller tells Sue MacLean, a nurse at The Leadership

Centre for Diabetes in Toronto. MacLean is fielding calls for a Canadian-led clinical trial that is testing two drugs that may help to prevent type 2 diabetes. The caller and her husband sound like good candidates because of their risk factors: they're middle-aged, inactive and overweight. He's a smoker, has high blood pressure and a stressful job. She looks after her father who has advanced diabetes and can barely walk. "The idea that I'm going to end up like my dad really scares me."

d CANADIAN DIABETES ASSOCIATION

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TYPE 2 DIABETES



Finding out about Insulin Resistance really helped.

If you have type 2 diabetes, you probably know that your blood sugar and insulin levels are out of balance. Your pancreas is still producing insulin, but if your body can't use it effectively, sugar builds up in your bloodstream—which can cause serious problems in the long run. When you have high blood sugar because your body cannot use insulin effectively, this is due to a condition called Insulin Resistance (IR).

The majority of people with type 2 diabetes (as many as 11 out of every 12) have Insulin Resistance. However, most don't know they have IR. Or that there may be a better way to reduce blood sugar and manage type 2 diabetes by treating Insulin Resistance.

Take this simple test to find out if you could have Insulin Resistance.

Take The 30 Second Insulin Resistance Test*

1 I am over 40	yes	no
2 I smoke	yes	no
3 I have a family history of diabetes	yes	no
4 I am overweight	yes	no
5 I don't get as much exercise as I should	yes	no
6 I have high blood sugar	yes	no
7 My 'good' cholesterol is low	yes	no
8 My blood pressure is above normal	yes	no
9 While pregnant, I had gestational diabetes	yes	no
	not applicable	

If you have type 2 diabetes and answered yes to any of these questions, you may have Insulin Resistance. Tear off this page and discuss your test results with your doctor.

Ask your doctor about ways to reduce Insulin Resistance and get better control of your blood sugar at the same time.

To find out more about type 2 diabetes and Insulin Resistance, call 1-866-223-HOPE (4673) to speak with a Registered Nurse Educator, or log onto www.diabetesheadstart.com

Ten years ago, MacLean might have nodded in agreement. But today there is so much more known about the causes and effects of type 2 diabetes. The good news is that for many people with risk factors, the ability to delay or even prevent the disease is possible. Studies have shown that lifestyle interventions (diet and exercise) can help lower a person's chances of getting the disease, and increasingly, doctors are prescribing new drugs and drug combinations that help, too.

The bad news, and what makes prevention so critical, is that type 2 diabetes is a progressive illness and tends to have a silent, asymptomatic start—it is estimated that one-third of the two million Canadians who have type 2 diabetes don't yet know they have it. Furthermore, the longer a person has unpaired blood sugar/glucose levels, the more likely a serious complication—heart disease, kidney failure, blindness

is 6.1 to 6.9 millimoles per litre. (Normal is 6.0 or less.) A patient may be sent to a diabetes educator for lifestyle counselling if tests show "impaired glucose tolerance" (IGT)—blood glucose is greater than 7.8 but under 11.1 two hours after having a glucose drink.

Another worrisome condition is "insulin resistance", which occurs when the body requires larger than normal amounts of insulin to control glucose levels, explains Dr. Hanna. "In IGT and early diabetes, there's lots of insulin circulating around but the body is just not responding to it properly." Insulin resistance is common in people with or without diabetes, and not everyone who is insulin resistant necessarily develops type 2 diabetes. But insulin resistance is a major contributing factor to type 2 diabetes and to high blood sugar in someone who has the illness, says Dr. Hanna.



Studies have shown that lifestyle interventions (diet and exercise) can help lower a person's chances of getting the disease.

or amputation—will arise after they develop diabetes.

To make matters worse, there is now growing concern that even if blood sugar isn't high enough to fit the current criteria of type 2 diabetes, complications might still be developing. An alarming 50 per cent of newly diagnosed people with the disease have complications indicating that their diabetes can be traced back five to 10 years, says Dr. Amir Hanna, director of diabetes clinics at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto and associate professor in the department of medicine at the University of Toronto. "Once complications arise, it's difficult to return to normal."

In a roundabout way, the North American medical community is pushing back the starting line by increasingly identifying the condition called "pre-diabetes." The red flag goes up, explains Dr. Hanna, if blood tests show an "impaired fasting glucose"—blood sugar taken after an eight-hour fast

Doctors identify insulin resistance when one or more of the following risk factors are present:

- a body mass index (BMI) above 25;
- a waist circumference above 70 cm;
- a triglyceride level above two;
- high blood pressure;
- low HDL or good cholesterol;
- gave birth to a baby over 4 kg (9 lbs) and/or gestational diabetes in her past;
- belongs to a high-risk ethnic group, including Aboriginal people and southeast Asians.

Dr. Hanna points out that obesity and lack of physical exercise are two of the most common causes of insulin resistance and type 2 diabetes—85 per cent of people with the condition are obese. He says body type—tending to an apple shape when overweight—may predispose



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The power of 2

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a person even more to both insulin resistance and diabetes. The bottom line is that lifestyle plays an important role, both in avoiding diabetes and in managing type 2 diabetes. Two recent studies—the U.S. Diabetes Prevention Program and the Finnish Diabetes Prevention Study—showed that healthy food choices and regular activity decreased the relative risk of developing diabetes in people with impaired glucose tolerance by more than 50 per cent.

A weight loss of just five to 10 per cent of current weight will lower the risk of developing diabetes in overweight people, says Bev Harris, a registered dietitian and certified diabetes educator at Valley Regional Hospital Diabetes Education Centre in Kentville, Nova Scotia. For healthy meal planning, Harris suggests Canada's Food Guide for Healthy Eating as well as a CDA booklet, *Just the Basics*.

With a doctor's okay, an exercise goal of 45 to 60 minutes of accumulated activity a day is recommended.



— *Healthy Eating for Diabetes Management and Prevention*
With a doctor's okay, an exercise goal of 45 to 60 minutes of accumulated activity a day is recommended by Canada's Physical Activity Guide. Walking, gardening and other activities can be done in 10-minute chunks if necessary, she says.

For people with type 2 diabetes, doctors try combinations of different drugs in order to help keep blood glucose levels stable and delay or prevent complications from arising. The new thiazolidinediones (TZDs) class of drugs, (Avandia is an example), lowers blood sugar and may prevent further deterioration in pancreatic function. It may be combined with rosiglitazone, which helps stabilize blood sugar levels and reduces sugar production from the liver as well. A third drug, like a beta cell secretagogue, may be added to the mix to stimulate insulin secretion.

Avandia (rosiglitazone) and rosiglitazone, a heart disease

drug, are currently being tested in the international DREAM (Diabetes Reduction Assessment with rosiglitazone and rosiglitazone Medication) Study to see if the drugs protect people with impaired glucose tolerance from developing type 2 diabetes. The study, headed by McMaster University researchers, encourages participants to make lifestyle modifications as well. Call 1 (800) 263-9428 if you're interested in participating.

What is diabetes — type 1, 2 and gestational

Diabetes is a chronic disease in which the body cannot properly store and use fuel (sugar or glucose) for energy because of a problem with the supply and/or use of insulin, which is produced by the pancreas. About 10 per cent of people with diabetes have type 1. This occurs when the pancreas produces little or no insulin. Most people with diabetes—90 per cent—have type 2. This occurs when the pancreas doesn't produce enough insulin or the body does not use the insulin that it produces very well. Gestational diabetes is a temporary condition that develops during pregnancy. It affects up to four per cent of all pregnancies and increases the risk of developing diabetes.

Signs and symptoms of diabetes

- unusual thirst
- frequent urination
- unusual weight loss
- extreme fatigue
- blurred vision
- frequent or recurring infections
- cuts and bruises that are slow healing
- tingling or numbness in the hands or feet
- many people with type 2 diabetes have no identifiable symptoms

THE LAST THING SOMEONE WITH DIABETES SHOULD BE WORRYING ABOUT IS KIDNEY DISEASE.

To Live Life

SO THE FIRST THING YOU SHOULD DO IF YOU HAVE DIABETES IS: Know the warning signs. Check if you have any of these risk factors or symptoms:

- ☐ High blood pressure.
- ☐ A parent, brother or sister with diabetes.
- ☐ Frequent urination or difficulty passing urine.
- ☐ Unexplained weight loss.
- ☐ Unexplained nausea or vomiting.
- ☐ Puffiness in hands or feet.
- ☐ Extreme fatigue.

Unfortunately, about 30% of Canadians with Type 2 diabetes will develop kidney disease. And a significant number of those with kidney disease may end up with kidney failure.

The good news is that 70% of patients with diabetes will NOT be affected. Unfortunately, if you have diabetes, we cannot always predict whether you will be in the 30% who will develop kidney disease or the 70% who will not.

TAKE ACTION.

Ask your doctor about the two simple tests that can tell how well your kidneys are functioning. A test of creatinine clearance tells how well your kidneys are removing waste materials. A test of hemoglobin level tells how well your kidneys are stimulating red blood cell production. Ask your doctor about treatments for early-stage kidney problems. Early treatment can reduce the symptoms and slow the progression of kidney disease.

NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT KIDNEY DISEASE AND GET ON WITH LIVING.

Kidney disease is one of the leading causes of chronic anemia. For information on what you can do about diabetes and kidney disease, contact the Anemia Institute for Research and Education. Call the Anemia Institute 24 hours a day at 1-877-952-6364 to speak to a nurse.

Risk factors of diabetes

- age — 45 or over
- overweight (especially apple-shaped)
- member of a high-risk group (Aboriginal peoples, Hispanic, Asian or African)
- a family member — parent, brother or sister has diabetes
- a baby that weighed over 4 kg (9 lbs) at birth or gestational diabetes
- high cholesterol or other fats in the blood
- high blood pressure or heart disease

Innovative partnerships

Physicians attending a diabetes conference in San Francisco last June ranked diabetes as a higher risk factor for cardiovascular disease than smoking. Indeed, 65 per cent of people living with diabetes will die from a heart attack or stroke. Half of the kidney transplants performed are due to long-term problems associated with diabetes. It is the

leading cause of adult blindness and half or more of all non-traumatic limb amputations are due to the disease.

These frightening statistics underlie the new joint chronic disease research initiative that unites the Canadian Diabetes Association, the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada, the Kidney Foundation of Canada and two of the Canadian Institutes of Health Research (CIHR). The \$6.5-million research initiative was announced earlier this year and "recognizes the common causes, risk factors, treatment and prevention strategies among chronic disease," says Dr. Elzior Wilson, chief science officer, the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada. Dr. Wilson explains that many aspects of chronic diseases are linked, especially around the issues of risk factors such as tobacco use, nutrition, lack of physical activity, obesity, hypertension, etc. "By partnering to investigate these issues, we can ultimately do a better job of translating science into prevention and treatment for all Canadians."

NEW TECHNOLOGIES Spotlight

INSULIN PENS are generally more convenient and less painful than using a vial and syringe, says Christine Buchanan. And for routine blood sugar testing before meals, some are designed for testing the forearm, side or calf, as an alternative to the fingertips. Examples include the One Touch Ultra by Lifescan (features a five-second test result) and the FreeStyle meter by TheraSense. Other convenient developments: the Self Test Diabetes Management System by Medtronic is a lowering device and glucose measurement all in one; the Accu-Check Compact All-in-One System by Roche Diagnostics has a 17 test device and the Glucosemeter DEX 2 by Bayer Inc. has a 10-test cartridge feature for less strip handling.

BLOOD GLUCOSE MONITORING DEVICES require increasingly smaller

blood samples and provide much quicker results, says pharmacist Christine Buchanan. And for routine blood sugar testing before meals, some are designed for testing the forearm, side or calf, as an alternative to the fingertips. Examples include the One Touch Ultra by Lifescan (features a five-second test result) and the FreeStyle meter by TheraSense. Other convenient developments: the Self Test Diabetes Management System by Medtronic is a lowering device and glucose measurement all in one; the Accu-Check Compact All-in-One System by Roche Diagnostics has a 17 test device and the Glucosemeter DEX 2 by Bayer Inc. has a 10-test cartridge feature for less strip handling. Results of a HEMOGLOBIN A1C

TEST at a doctor's office or diabetes clinic are now available in just 10 minutes with Bayer's A1C Now. Doctors use the test to review blood sugar levels from the previous three months. **KETONES TESTING** is available as a blood test with the Precision Xtra by Mediscan. The build-up of ketones in the blood of those with type 1 diabetes is life-threatening. Previously, urine sample strips were the only way to test and, says Buchanan, were not as timely. **PUMPS**, which remove the natural insulin of insulin from the pancreas, deliver insulin through a subcutaneous catheter and are worn 24 hours a day. The cost, about \$5,000 and up to a few hundred dollars per month for supplies. Examples: the Animas Pump by



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Mouth campaigns and a clothes recycling program.) Initiatives ranged from leading-edge research, like transplants and genetic research to applied research in the areas of complications, health services, the elderly and the Aboriginal community.

Dr. Hill explains that the research community in Canada consists of many parts — small labs and biotech companies move research forward one step at a time while larger pharmaceutical companies provide essential funding for evaluating new drugs in clinical trials. Here are a few examples of how research plays out.

• Dr. Patricia Brubaker, a basic scientist and professor in the departments of physiology and medicine at the University of Toronto, has been researching GLP-1 and other diabetes-related hormones for about 20 years — ever since she was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes. Her work is funded by the Canadian Diabetes Association and the Canadian Institutes for Health Research. Dr. Brubaker, who recently started working with Theratechnologies, a Montreal biotech company, is studying a hormone called GLP-1, which is normally made in the intestine and released into the blood after eating to perform insulin actions. It stimulates insulin secretion and there is some evidence that the hormone promotes satiety

(thereby decreasing appetite) and promotes beta cell growth in the pancreas. GLP-1 has been in trials since 1987. Dr. Brubaker's goal: to understand how it works in the body and to find ways to increase its natural levels.

• A few years ago, Drs. Anthony Chering and Timothy Kieffer at a University of Alberta lab attracted worldwide attention when they used gene therapy to protect mice from developing diabetes. The research — they introduced a gene that enabled a common gut cell to mimic the body's normal insulin machinery in the pancreas — offers a promising new approach to correcting blood sugar problems in type 1 diabetes. In hopes of attracting more funding and taking their research further, the team recently started its own company, onGene Inc., and moved to British Columbia where there is an outstanding biotech ecosystem and growing diabetes research community, says Kieffer, now an associate professor in the departments of physiology and surgery at the University of British Columbia. But the real leader in their camp: professor John Brown has joined the company. Dr. Brown discovered the GLP-producing K cells in the early 1970s, the very cells that onGene hopes to target by gene therapy. ■

HELP SOMEONE You Know

The Canadian Diabetes Association is a charitable organization with more than 150 locations across the country. It plays a leading role in supporting Canadians who are directly affected by diabetes, and their loved ones, through research, education, service and advocacy.

November is Diabetes Awareness Month. The Canadian Diabetes

Association urges Canadians to join in the fight against this serious disease that costumes an estimated 19 billion a year in health care-related costs.

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Canadian Diabetes Association help someone you know by supporting the Association's work. You can get involved by making a financial contribution, donating used clothing to the collection program, becoming a member or becoming a volunteer. Call 1-800-BANTING (1-800-226-8446) or visit www.diabetes.ca for more information.



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Good morning!



Talk to your doctor

Column | ALLAN ROTHERINGHAM



WAITING FOR PAUL

Martin disappointed guests at the GG's Throne Speech party by failing to show

SO, YOU SEE, my dear buddy—I'm Adrienne Clarkson and you're not—there's this belt line every time a new Parliament opens in the most boring city in the land! (The reason why Ottawa is so unfit to be the nation's capital is that the newsworld in the Ottawa airport—Montreal being a 45-minute flight away—does not carry the Montreal Gazette. In this supposedly officially bilingual country. And at the Château Laurier, the grand dame of Canadian hotels, you cannot get the New York Times until the afternoon.)

It's all the more reason, as Eric Korman once wisely advised, that the capital should be moved to Winnipeg, where it is at least the navel of the nation. (On my island in the Pacific, off Vancouver, the local mom-and-pop grocery store, run by Korman, has today's New York Times on the shelf at 8 a.m. At the Château, some times as late as 4 p.m. Go figure.)

Well, you see, Her Excellency, by tradition, on the evening after reading the incredible drivel of the Speech from the Throne, written by slaveshounds in the PMO, invites the taxpayers' writer by throwing a huge bash at Rideau Hall, up in the wooded heights of Rockcliffe, where The Unwashed are unwelcome. The rules are that the invited are restricted to the 301 members of the House of Commons, plus the 105 senators and visiting personnel of the Senate. Plus invited guests, significant others, John Major ministers and whatever.

The press is not allowed. The scribbler struggles himself in as a chauffeur, and no one notices, since I look—and act—like one. Her Excellency, rather than enduring a recurring line as she did last year, instead seems through to the evening in the vast storage of the Governor General's Spill, its many public rooms being large enough to accommodate the entire Notre Dame football squad.

The scribbler, encircling himself, as temples to file a courtly and has her hand.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Allan," she warns. "I've shaken 250 hands today already and you may catch something." (Old joke: An American minister, in Paris for the first time, asks a French gentleman why his countrymen insist on kissing a woman's hand. "Well," he replies, "you've got to start somewhere.") I interrupt the same approach on her consort, John Robson Seal, an old adversary, but he means the courtesy without an explanation. He doesn't have to.

The major attraction of the night, of course, is the anticipated first public meeting since the wedding/splitting of one Paul Martin between the guy who said he didn't suck him and the guy who said he didn't quit. As at all men cocktail rooming gatherings, of course, the men's body language gets it to be looking over the shoulder of the person you pretend to be ignored in, in hope someone more intriguing will be drifting into view.

This is the only black-or-banquet in history—in Rideau Hall history, in Ottawa history, in Canadian history—where there was only one body language question throughout the long night: would Paul show up? The suspense was excruciating. While the wine flowed, which is why the wine flowed, it was Rockcliffe's very version of Waiting for Godot. Samuel Beckett seemed to be lurking behind the drapes.

The scribbler caged the PM, reminding him that his "autobiography" brought *From the Heart*, set a political record by

selling 300,000 copies thanks to Anna Porter's Key Power Books hiring fictionalist ghost writer Ron Gubman to pen it. He jabs back that he discussed the book to Gubman in only three days. And agrees that at a Toronto book-signing session he told the scribbler that he learned why Anna had "a taste of authors—because there is so much bullshit." The scribbler mentions in the always gossipy *Minute* Christie that he had asked her press secretary—the Martin Civil War—for permission to interview her for a column. She looked at the scribbler and smiled—her lovely, polite smile saying "Buster, fuggeddaboutit."

The other major event of the night—aside from Gubman and the 47 different dishes decorating the buffet expense—was the battle of the Tall Women. We thought it was only a showdown between Senator Jenjehsen, the famed ex-princess from Manitoba, who checks in at the top and then with back pain, Jane Stewart, who is an feet even in the shower. They were both wiped out, miraculously, by a two-pronged warrior in an anti-length skin-bugging gown that left even Senate Speaker Dan Hays agog.

Also, where was Paul? His clever absence, as was slipping his new denouncing second from the front row. Comments cut in Quentin Period the next day, denigrated that he had absorbed Wilder's aphorism "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about." John Marley, his only possible rival in the lame duck leadership marathon that is turning into a coronation, allowed that he would go down with the scribbler, but this time in a pub.

Stockday Day, who once mated diabolism in his car and never finished two different tasks at higher education, now incredibly reemerged as the Alliance foreign-affairs critic, is quite frisky in the evening. The penner Stephen Harper even said: "Believe me, I would do it if I were him."

In all, putting up with Senators' insults over the grape from such temper mauls as Pat Carney and Laurence LaPerte can be endured as the scribbler (aka chauffeur) tries to represent the voter in getting some taxpayer feedback.

Allan Rotheringham appears every other issue at allanr@pgh.com or www.allanr.com

People look over the shoulder of the person they pretend to be interested in, hoping someone more intriguing drifts into view



LIFE AS AN 'ASTRONAUT'

My Hong Kong-Canada jet-setting world may seem glam, but for me it's just hard

AFTER 13 HOURS of flying, I arrived. Until then, I was convinced I wasn't really leaving Hong Kong. But when I was Vancouver in true colour and three dimensions, reality attacked me in the eye.

Beyond the airport terminal, I had no idea where I would live and what school I would attend. All I knew was my brother and I were to finish high school in Vancouver while my parents continued working in Hong Kong. We'd fly home for summer—maybe they'd come here for Christmas. A geographically shed family as a global age. For my parents this shift was reasonable, since school in Hong Kong was becoming outrageously expensive. For us, like so many of the 12,000 Chinese who left Hong Kong for British Columbia in 1995, flying would become our way of life. I was an "astronaut."

Luckily, a few weeks before I started Grade 11, my parents found a guardian who lived in the suburbs. The first time I saw Cousins, I was sinking in the back seat of a rented car, gazing at the Lego houses spaced perfectly apart on treed landscaped. They call it a city? It looked positively bucolic.

Still, I wasn't yet drowning in my own selfishness. Since I was here, I made up my mind to integrate myself. How hard could it be? I already had multiculturalism nailed after attending international schools in Hong Kong, where the student body consisted of 40 nationalities. I was practically a walking Biculturalist.

But I wasn't prepared for my new senior high. The stark divide between Asians and Canadians took me off guard, particularly after I discovered my friends were pro-terminated. Every time I mentioned I was from Hong Kong, people assumed I was part of the "Honger" crowd. But that changed as soon as I started speaking (Basic English). Now I was a CBC (Canadian-born Chinese). In the end, I gradually learned other astronauts, our shared background the best basis for our friendship.

My first summer back in Hong Kong reminded me of everything I missed about the city. The efficiency. The energy. The chaos. I was thankful for 7-Eleven dumplings, supermarket lines that topped at breakfast pace, subways that came every three minutes, my multicultural friends, and of course, my whole family. Except summer came and went as quickly as the city mimes. It was hard to come back.

I now starting at the University of British Columbia in 1997 as an opportunity to give this integration thing another shot. Only little had changed since high school. Once, in the middle of a lecture, a friend leaned over and whispered, "Notice how we're this mix group of white people in the corner, and you're the only Chinese person sitting with us?" It was true. The class was roughly 90 per cent Chinese, 20 per cent white and the line between the two was as sharp as broken glass. It's not that there was animosity—this wasn't *Wut Fat Story*—but the divide was acute. I always felt the pervasive stereotype of the rich, spoiled "Honger" aggravated the

segregation issue. I remember what it felt like to come back from and term break, praying that nobody would ask me where I went. But as I was collecting my graduation, I bumped into a classmate. "So what did you do?" he asked. I almost wanted to tell, but in a moment of honesty, I told I went to London. "Oh," he muttered with a hybrid look of disgust and dismissal. He walked off. And I stood there smirking, thinking, *Oh God, oh God—he thinks I'm a spoiled brat from Hong Kong who goes holidaying everywhere.*

But truth is, I had no way of telling exactly what he was thinking. I only know there are certain parts of my life that will reinforce the stereotype. I've tried so hard to escape. I'm so accustomed to tell people that I was in London because my dad was there on business, it was my parents' 25th wedding anniversary, and flying there was the only way we could celebrate together. I realize the astronaut life sounds glamorous—especially since I was in New York for Christmas and Hong Kong for summer. Who would believe me when I say that it's awful, that I have seeing my dad's health deteriorate from constantly being on the go, and I worry about my parents being separated for extended periods of time (my mom spends half the year in Vancouver). We don't risk up the air miles because it's fun, but because we have to choose.

Someone once asked me what's so bad about being stereotyped as rich. Yet it bothers me because it feels like another barrier between me and the average Canadian. I don't know how to explain that "jetsetting" isn't what it's cracked up to be. And it's precisely that unspoken understanding, the knowledge of shared experience, that keeps astronauts tethered. I love and love being part of it, knowing that while it might be a conundrum zone, the more I cling to my roots, the harder it gets to integrate into Canada.

Next year, I'll be finishing my master's degree. It always thought I'd go back to Hong Kong after school, but strangely, the urge isn't there. I've been standing between past and present for seven years. It's time to unpack—this time, for good.

Besides, my parents are moving to Beijing.



Lena Sin is studying journalism at UBC.

Contact her at: sinl@comcast.ca

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As chief executive officer of Alliance Advanced Broadcasting, a leading broadcaster, producer and distributor of filmed entertainment, Phylis Yappe is responsible for the management of 13 specialty channels. Recipient of the Canadian Women in Communications Women of the Year Award and the Lifetime Achievement Award from Women in Film and Television, Phylis will share her views on how she meets challenge, leads and manages change and achieves success within the exciting world of broadcasting.

REBECCA MACDONALD
"NO BOUNDARIES"
OCTOBER 31, 2002

Rebecca MacDonald, chief executive officer of Energy Saving Income Fund, is responsible for the launch of Canada's top performing IPO of 2001 with a market value of more than \$730 million. Trained as a physicist in the former Yugoslavia, Rebecca has overcome significant obstacles in her drive for success. Rebecca provides vision and leadership in a constantly changing environment, with a focus on creating her own opportunities on the belief that she has no boundaries.

LORRA BOONHESTER
"THE THRILL OF THE CHASE"
DECEMBER 3, 2002

Lorra Boonhester, president and general manager of eBay Canada, has spearheaded the growth of Canada's largest online shopping site. Growing at 650 per cent, eBay Canada attracts more than 1 million visitors per year. Lorra will share her vision on leadership in the constantly changing dot-com marketplace.

MARGOT FRANKEN
"UNCONVENTIONALLY SUCCESSFUL"
NOVEMBER 18, 2002

As president and partner of The Body Shop Canada, Margot Franken is one of the most successful and passionate entrepreneurs in Canada. She has effectively brought vision to the forefront of public consciousness and inspired countless groups and organizations to work with her powerful and unique style. Margot believes the formula for a successful business is to "hold, be daring, be different, be caring." Lorra to Margot as she expands on this formula for success.

LINDA MORRIS
"SUCCEEDING IN TURBULENT TIMES"
DECEMBER 14, 2002

Linda Morrell is president of ISX Venture Exchange, Canada's public venture capital marketplace. With extensive executive and community-based experience, she applies her managerial skills, strategic vision and enthusiasm while leading the Exchange through its ongoing evolution. Linda will share her views on managing change and leading success in the dynamic and competitive capital markets.

'LONGEVITY IS WHAT I'M ABOUT'

Canada's first teen idol, still going strong, on Elvis, Frank, money and the Mob

IN THE 1950s and '60s, Paul Anka was the Canadian Elvis Presley. He earned out a string of hits, including *Diana*, *Lovey Boy* and *Put Your Head on My Shoulder*, all of which he wrote. But unlike many of his teen-idol peers—such as Frankie Lynn (who died in 1968) and Bobby Darin (1973)—Orleans-born Anka managed to transform that early success into an adult career that has continued to flourish. He wrote the lyrics for Frank Sinatra's monster hit *My Way* and reaped a mighty payout for the choice to *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson. At 61, the father of five daughters, with two grandchildren, still performs onstage 33 weeks a year, as well as working as a producer and businessman. He is strongly tipped to receive the Order of Canada in an upcoming honours list. Recently he talked with *Entertainment Weekly* Julie Collier in Los Angeles.

Even now, many people both south and north of the border don't seem to know you were born and raised in Canada.

Many Canadians probably assume, like many Americans, that I became American. I have dual citizenship—all my daughters have Canadian passports—and Canada had a great deal to do with the stability and foundation to cope with this business and the success I've had. The Canadian environment is conducive to being as normal as to centre as you can get.

My upbringing taught me patience, perseverance, how to coast in the world, and I carried that through, surviving those earlier years of my career when a lot of my albums didn't—like seeing Frankie Lynn, two years away from me, doing heroin. You had to make a choice, and with youth and peer pressure it was possible to cross that line. Which I didn't. So my saving grace was my Canadian roots.

You've written songs for Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Buddy Holly, Tom Jones—how did you find them as people?

The people I've dealt with, most of them I wouldn't hang out with. A portion I don't really respect as people. They're not role models for me. Some were just too lost, too taken with themselves.

Presley is a case in point. He was a nice person. But he just couldn't take the fact that he was getting older, and his success just isolated him so much. He used to come backstage to my show in Vegas and I'd say, "Let's go to dinner," but that was a stretch for him. You couldn't take along 12 guys with guns and knives, plus he was out of it. It was just very sad.

Same with Michael Jackson. I worked with him earlier. They just don't know how to have a trace of being normal. You know, it's OK to go out, it's OK to be seen. It's OK not to be so much of a circus or a cartoon of yourself. Because ultimately that's a very tough thing to live.

You've talked of being in the rooms with Sinatra, Frank and Dean Martin. What would a fly on the wall have seen?

We're in total awe of Frank Sinatra and his guys. I'm in Vegas hanging with them, and Frank, who was a smart man, says, "Come on, kid, we're going to the main room. Here's your robe." My robe was "The Kid." Dean's was "Dago." Each, written on them. Sammy was "Smoking the Bear." Frank was "Blue Eyes." And I'd be sitting there trying to keep my cool with these guys, who were older than I was, and there'd be tables of food brought in, girls would be coming in—30 to 35 in number—stunner dresses were opening, [laughs] massage tables were being used.

Sinatra teased you about writing a song for him, but presumably you couldn't give him a teen love song. How did *My Way* go over? You're right, I knew *Lovey Boy* wouldn't work for him. First of all I was scared to death. But what really motivated me was a) knowing him and having a sense of what he wanted, and b) meeting him in

Florida where he came to my show and said he was retiring. That motivated a panic in me and I took it very seriously—he was our guy. So I returned to New York, sat at the typewriter at one in the morning and hammered away thinking of him retiring—"And now, the end is near/And so I face the final curtain..."—and it was done by five. The rest is history.

You wrote the *Tonight Show* theme for Johnny Carson, but did you ever think the show and song would turn out to be so big? Absolutely not. The first time I met him I was doing a TV special in Britain, and I wanted some comedy and asked to see some tapes of some comics. I got his tape, a slot where he was a game show host in the morning, in front of screaming kids, but he drank all night and was hung over during the show. Very funny.

So he does the special with me and I run into him again in New York. He was thinking of taking over that talk show and was looking for a tune to open it. So I did a demo of what I thought would play at 11 at night, that would be a signature type of thing. It wasn't Shakespeare [laughs opening line]. But every time I hear it, I think of two words—"I love my zygotes!"

Buddy Holly rehearsed your song if doesn't *Matter Anymore* just before he died. Talk about Buddy—were you supposed to be on his hit parade playlist?

Great guy. Gave me my first guitar. You know, back then we all talked about taking private planes. I was on a nice tour with Buddy, and I was the youngest one of the group and my manager, Ivie Feld, just didn't want me on those planes. I knew what they were going through—they just wanted to go some traffic down, do the laundry, whatever. A long loss.

What do you remember of fellow teen idol Buddy Davis?

Oh, god, Buddy. We married out at the



same time, went on tours together, lived that Sinatra kind of style. Played the Copa. Hung out with the same group. Very cozy, very sure of himself. He talked a lot about dying, knew that he wasn't going to live because of a very bad heart condition. When he went out to L.A., I lost some contact with him. He was a little Hollywood, Sandra Dee and that stuff.

Saw him near the end in Vegas, said he'd been deluged in getting a heart operation. He'd changed styles. Wanted to do Bob Dylan. Ran out of money and had to go back to work. Told me he'd found out that his "sister" was really his

brother. And that just killed him. He was very close to his grandmother, who he thought was his "mother." That turned him around. [Sighs] My best friend.

How have you survived when so many others haven't?

Good question because longevity is what I'm about. I've just kept my eye on the goal. I have a very professional commitment to my career and business. I don't do anything that's going to hurt my body. I've passed 60 and am in good shape but I

don't see 16. I take care of that temple. I do believe everything in moderation, including moderation.

But early on you were obsessed about being a singer-songwriter.

I was nuts. I'd drive through storms, walk backward to Cornwall because of the wind and it'd 30 below, just to sing. All I wanted to do. I wouldn't take no. Every time someone said no, I said yes. "No, you're too short." "E—yes, I'm too short!"—like my weakness, make it my strength. "No, you're a Canadian." "So what?"

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Q&A | >



Anika (left) with
Neilson, Neilson
Anika and Pat
Boone in 1999

Even back in Canada they rejected me
for a while. Because Canadians weren't
supposed to be sexy, teen idols. I was one
of the first guys to suffer from that. "How
can you be good, you're Canadian! These
Americans know how to do it." So I was
going to do better than these Americans.
And that drove me because I was going to
bring this back home so that any people
could see it. Today, when I go back it's,
"You're the best!"

Talk about the Cops in New York.

The Copacabana in the fifties was on the
east side in a basement, a very unglam
orous setting, run by the Mob. Every
Friday night scores of them would be
there with their girlfriends. And Saturday
night with their wives. And you know it.
And there'd be 120 guys with no rocks,
and they were paid the toughest guys you
ever saw. You'd be singing onstage and if
the spotlight left me and hit onstage,
eight guys would be under the table.

But they never put a palm on me. I
never asked for a favour. But there was one
where she would work. From the Cops to
Vegas, they controlled the business. And
they got what I was about—a nice kid from
Canada, a good performer and artist—but
nobody was to get involved. We respect
each other. They were great to work
for. Their word was their bond.

Would you still like to have another hit?

Sinatra and I used to talk about this. With
everything we'd accomplished, it would
always be great to be on the charts. But
the record business has changed dramati-
cally. The infrastructure and components
that we once knew are gone. I will proba-
bly sell a lot of records in the next year or

two, with the things I have planned, but it
won't be because of radio.

And there are now arenas today,
where you can sell one or two million.
There are performers now like Diana
Krall, Josh Groban, who don't need radio
play, who don't adhere to the record com-
panies' focus on 20-year olds.

Bottom line—it's always great to have a
hit record. My last Spanish album went
gold, and gave me five consecutive de-
cades with charted music.

And you still have big revenue streams.

From my point of view, where I control
my publishing, any writing, I own any
masters, I'm looking at an incredible
marketing stream. We've been success-
fully licensing my music to corporate
advertisers which can mean millions of
dollars. I'm also loved by multinationals
like Coca-Cola and Philip Morris and by
big conventions, to throw parties and
sing for audiences for up to 3400,000 a
night. There's Internet sales, merchandise
we sell as our concern, how we
license it, and there's enough of my body
of work out there—124 albums—that
there's a flow that enables me.

**How does it feel to be one of the last bridges
to pop's early golden years?**

I'm proud of it. But I've continued to go
forward and am surrounded with current
work and contemporary people. It's
been said that after Tony Bennett goes,
there's not going to be many of us left
that do what I do. Then I'd have my run
at it, and I might stretch it to 70 if I
remain healthy and I'm not embarrass-
ing myself. Then it's done, it's been a
great ride. I loved it. 

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but can't promise anything. Bob explains with Walter.

Once back with his own team, Walter definitely creates a New Success Ventures group to pursue the new target. To head this NYV slot he picks one of his left-hand men, but not exactly his right-hand man. Walter knows that his real job is to run his existing business, and he plans to stick to his knitting.

"I was only a year or two away from a division president slot myself," he grouches. "But this going to muddy the water."

Failure often begins to flare. In fact, fear of failure actually helps produce the very failure that we fear. Worry too much about an exam and your mind goes blank.

No one wants to get burned, but why does fear failure to the extent that we do? Why do Bob and Walter not even try to meet Jerry's goals, even though inaction appears to guarantee failure?

Chris Argyris, professor emeritus at Harvard Business School, has delineated what he calls the governing values behind most human interactions. These are:

- To win and not lose in any interaction.
- To always maintain control of the situation at hand.
- To avoid embarrassment of any kind.
- To stay rational throughout.

Together, the four values combine to amplify the fear of failure. If we fail, others may change their assessment and shift responsibility away from us in order to avoid a repeated failure. If someone else is given control going forward, that violates the second value—emotional control. Any failure, as it violates values one and two, can be humiliating. Then failure violates the third value—avoiding embarrassment. And finally, failure, loss of control and embarrassment are likely to force emotions to the surface, violating the fourth value—staying rational, and keeping out potentially dangerous emotional features.

The flood of fear that we experience at the prospect of failure actually short-circuits our conscious, deliberative thought process—particularly the very rationality we seek to maintain—and drives us toward "fight or flight." Fight or flight belongs to a separate, pre-rational part of our nervous system located in the brain stem, a structure we inherited from our pre-humans, and even pre-mammalian ancestors. Back

this far on the evolutionary scale, the emotions are all about basic survival. That's why fear so easily flows into rage. The two share the same chemistry and the same pathways in the brain. So when fear jumps starts this system, it takes over, searing our muscles, making our hearts pound, and flooding us with stress hormones such as adrenalin. All of this drowns out that small, rational voice located in the pre-frontal cortex, that separate and more modern part that you employ when you "use your head."

Confronted by failure itself or the fearful anticipation of failure, we rush to one of two options: 1) fight, meaning that we take total responsibility for the situation, or 2) flight, meaning that we assume almost no responsibility for it.

When I resort to the fight response, I seek to win in the face of failure or some fear of failure by wrenching my level of responsibility, but often significantly above my capabilities. My desire to maintain control causes me to assume full

The fear of failure that helped drive each player to narrow its sights helped produce results worse than any failure they could have predicted



Martin is so full of narrow perfectionism!

responsibility for the situation, to prevent anyone else from seizing control. To avoid embarrassment, I assume responsibility without discussion with others, since broaching the subject might expose my underlying belief that others are incompetent and might subject my judgment to critical scrutiny through questioning by others that may highlight my own incompetence.

High intelligence, even membership in a highly rational and deliberative profession, has nothing to do with it. Studies of practices among psychologists suggest that, despite their lip service to the logic of argumentation, open dialogue and critical testing—the scientific method—scientists are just as eager to shield their theories and models from critical testing as are many highly rational and deliberative managers.

In the case of GPC, Jerry became fearful when analysts began to harangue him about the lack of growth. He worried that he would be the first "man wanting" CEO of GPC in decades if the view evolved that during his reign the company stopped growing. Jerry's primitive survival instincts took over when his fear reached a threshold level. They triggered the automatic and irrational fight-or-flight response. He declared a bold growth goal without consulting his key managers and without a plan for how to achieve it. He publicly took on full personal responsibility for achieving the goal, even though he had no ability to accomplish it himself.

Yet collaboration can be dangerous from the opposite perspective as well. If I work in partnership with a more dominant person, I won't be in control but I'll be implicated, which, if we lose, becomes a double whammy. To enter a meaningful collaboration, I will have to reveal the degree to which I am scared and worried, and that would be embarrassing. So collaboration is a threat I prefer to flee.

When I choose the flight response to fear, I withdraw from a responsible source in order to set the bar low enough to ensure victory. I avoid any situation that would reveal that I am not up to the task. By withdrawing unilaterally I also avoid an embarrassing discussion about my decision to withdraw in the first place.

At GPC, Bob, Walter and their col-

**Can anybody really touch you if you live in a shell?
Just ask Rene.**



“ I had been living on the streets for years. I used a lot of alcohol and drugs to put a lid on things, to cope with life better. I had no soul, no feeling for anything beautiful or whole. It's like living in a shell, a shell of a human being. Friends I hung out with started to die off. They would go in a coma and never come out. I started to see death everywhere. I met this man from a United Way agency. I saw him enough to trust someone for the first time in my entire life. I went to the agency he recommended that was also funded by United Way. I started to feel alive, full, and to enjoy another human being, to enjoy hugging, especially hugging. For the first time in my life I have something to hold on to. I am married and my wife and I are raising our son. I'm paying a mortgage and I have started my own successful business. I'm an artist and I'm creating a world of my own. Thank you for giving to United Way. Your money got to me.”

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AS THE WORLD SHRINKS

Two globalized warriors re-examine the battle

THEY ARE TWO very different polemicians, Naomi Klein and Stephen Clarkson. The student and the professor. From different generations, backgrounds, writing styles, free-trade debates. Also from adjacent points on the intellectual compass. Only the truly perverse, like editors at a national magazine, would try to lump their latest books together in one thematic bundle. Yet there may well be something tangible here. For both Klein and Clarkson have drunk deeply from the confounding well of globalization, the bazaar for all that is wrong and greedy in the world. And both are trying to make sense of what they've imbibed—while not neglecting to spit out the noxious.

Of the two, Klein's was almost an accidental apple. Three years ago, her first book, *No Logo*, a university thesis that laid

bare the sweatshop culture behind the superbrands, turned her into the Princess Leia of the antiglobalization movement. What started off as a two-week book tour ended up as a 30-month odyssey through 22 countries and the ground zero of globalization: Seattle, Prague, Washington, Quebec City. All the last gassed high spots of a new world order in conflict with its young, and plenty of Third World barroom boozers.

The result is *Jensen and Winslow: Dispatches From the Front Lines of the Globalization Debate* (Vintage Canada), a compendium of her articles from the *Globe and Mail* and other outlets. And if your first reaction is—hey, she's only 32,

Klein reflects on the Quebec City protest (above) and targets new forms of oppression.

she's too young to throw all your weekly jottings together in a book—the second is, well, this actually works. From Seattle to Chicago to the frozen-in factories of the Philippines (with their armed guards, ostensibly to keep workers from stealing), there is a natural rhythm to her polemical, the unconscious Bygones of contemporary history. As well, the growth of a writer.

Klein has always been a nice, try-it-again-straightforward, observant, non-grumpy. She has a natural voice that seems to get more confident as the book progresses. And while you can argue with some of her conclusions or assumptions, that's the point: you can argue, they are too urgent just to be dismissed out of hand.

Klein's thesis is straightforward. The open years after the Berlin Wall was torn down, a new series of oppressive barriers have been erected in its place. Some are obvious and purely symbolic, like the gated factories or the police-backed steel fences that shielded international trade bazaariers from protesters in Quebec City a year ago. Some are more subtle, like user fees, gate payments or World Bank-

mandated policies that keep Third World farmers enslaved to export crops when they can't feed their own families. The biggest export of the United States right now, Klein points out, is copyrighted patents on drugs, foodstuffs, software, even ideas. To her, they are fences around the human spirit.

More compelling than the thesis, though, are the examples. Klein has such an easy way of ruffling off other people's ideas, you almost miss some of her own observations. For instance, how the business pundits on CNN began using the freighted word "capitalism" to try to make sense of the street protests swirling around them. Or how security forces around the world methodically escalated their response from pepper spray to tear gas to rubber bullets to live ammunition. Oh, my favourite, why America is dubbed abroad Not, Klein argues, because of its conspicuous consumption, but because it fails to deliver on its own advertising. If anything, says Klein, "America's marketing of itself has been too effective. Schoolchildren can recite its claims to democracy, liberty and equal opportunity as readily as they can recite McDonald's with family fun."

And they expect the U.S. to live up to its promises.

The U.S. is the foil here, of course. That is even more the case in Clarkson's *Uncle Sam and Dr. Globalization: Neo-conservatism and the Canadian State* (University of Toronto Press). But the larger antagonist is the unseen hand of globalization and its alphabet soup of faceless bureaucracies: the IMF, the WTO, NAFTA and so on. Klein blames globalization for underfunded schools and contaminated water in developing nations. Clarkson would do the same for Mike Harris's Ontario, and for all manner of domestic ills. It is a lament for the interventionist state, and a moral fit against a purposeless Canadian government after Brian Mulroney gave away the store with free trade and Jean Chrétien shrugged his shoulders through three elections.

These are old battles, personal ones too. For this Clarkson at 64, the University of Toronto political economist, former Liberal majority candidate, renegade Trade-minister, and anti-

Naomi Klein seems to have given up on the nation state as an agent for change. Stephen Clarkson is still hedging his bets.

free-trade opponent trying to look back and forward at the same time. The personal touches are revealing. But reader beware, this is Clarkson at his most professional: he prepared for the shock of "transnational globalization," "Keynesian superstructure," and repeated references to "the hegemonies," his term for the United States.

Clarkson's argument is that international trade agreements, beginning with the Free Trade Agreement in 1989 and moving on through the ratification of the WTO rules next year, effectively hand the hands of government on a variety of social, environmental and cultural fronts. Though he is generous enough to note that most of our major businesses are

doing well under the new rules, and that we have unleashed Shania Twain and Celine Dion on an unsuspecting world. Not to mention a whole squadron of sword-wielding Canadian novelists.

My complaint with Clarkson is that for a book in Canada and the U.S., there is almost nothing that sees America as anything but a flawless, unchallenged hegemon, to use his ugly word. Also that, as with Klein, there is an element of wanting it both ways. Sure, Canada as a meddling power with an elephantine neighbour can be whipsawed by global trade rules. But both would have us reach out to all manner of other multinational entities to extend the gospel of good things. That's as Canadian as the UN. And that kind of global hand-holding, not to take power but to challenge it, is what Klein calls her "windows," quiet counterattacks that a mouse click or a plane ride away to make global partners of people of like mind. She seems to have given up on the nation state as an agent for change. Clarkson, with grandchildren in towage to the future, is still hedging his bets.

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CROSS-BORDER FUGITIVE

The 'first war on terrorism' met Canadian resistance



IN FEBRUARY, 1934, after two decades of exemplary life in Canada, Frank Grigware slipped up. The Michigan-born carpenter was down on his luck in the depths of the Depression and unwilling to apply for relief, so he poached two turkeys in the protected federal park at Jasper, Alta. Grigware was caught, fingerprinted and revealed as one of the most wanted fugitives in North American history—a convicted train robber who had beaten out all of the original Big House, Leavenworth federal penitentiary in Kansas, in 1910. He had been on the run for 24 years. U.S. authorities were aghast. They immedi-

ately initiated extradition proceedings—and were stunned when they were met by near-unanimous resistance in Canada.

The surprising Canadian response is just one of the ironies of Grigware's life, and of a story that reconstitutes powerfully with current events, including the ongoing tensions over controlling the border that separates the two nations. Grigware, in fact, should never have been in Leavenworth. U.S. prison investigators who reviewed the case concluded that

the conviction of Grigware and his friend Jack Golden relied on perjured testimony. In 1913, President Woodrow Wilson pardoned the still-imprisoned Golden, but not Grigware, by then as guilty of escaping custody as he was innocent of train robbery.

Meanwhile, like many American fugitives before him, Grigware had crossed the 49th parallel. And while he had urgent personal motives, in a larger sense Grigware was only chasing home. In the half century before the First World War, millions took part in a huge circular migration around North America. Thousands of Americans went north, mostly to the Canadian Prairies, and as many Canadians headed south in search of opportunity. Among the latter were both of Grigware's grandfathers. One was a French Canadian originally named Gogware, the other an Irishman who, before ending up in Michigan, gave Canada a try long enough for Frank's mother to have been born and raised in Woodstock, Ont.

Despite the constant exchange of populations and parallel westward expansions, the two nations remained very different. Lawlessness in the American West extended far beyond Indian wars and gangster duels. The struggle to bring organized labour into the U.S. mining industry in particular was marked by brutal violence on both sides. Harry Orchard, a failed cheese-maker from Ontario, was just another Canadian who drifted south, until he became a hired gun for the Industrial Workers of the World. His 1907 trial for killing a former Idaho governor with a dynamite bootie trap was a startlingly modern celebrity event, complete with photo-op appearances by actors Ethel Barrymore and baseball star Walter Johnson. (The macabre use of industrial dynamite appalled contemporaries in exactly the same way the use of passenger jets as missiles shocked North Americans on 9/11.)

The U.S. responded to violent labour unrest with what Virginia journalist Joe Jackson, author of a recent study of Grigware's case, *Leavenworth: Born Better Justice in the Washington Post*, calls its "first war on terrorism." While newspapers whipped up hysteria about dangerous foreigners, meaning primarily the southern and eastern Europeans who were chang-

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History >

ing the face of American immigration, government officials adopted a 19th-century, zero-tolerance approach. Federal officers carrying harsh penalties probed and the U.S. government entered into the famously racist-only business of prisons, starting with Leavenworth in 1897. Caught up in the crackdown, only 24 years old and facing a lifetime in the Big House, it probably didn't take much to convince Grigware to try an escape. Armed with wooden guns carved in the prison shop, Grigware and five other convicts headed the daily goods train, untethered it through the prison gate, and steamed out into the Kanan country.

The others were soon recaptured, but by whatever means (he'll never talk about it in later years), Grigware made it—all the way to Canada. Starting in Winnipeg, but ending up in Alberta, the fugitive settled down under his mother's maiden name of Ribey, got steady work, married, and earned the respect of his fellow citizens. Grigware not only became mayor of Spirit River in the Peace River country of northern Alberta, he even—proof of his essential Canadianism—became president of a curling club.

But then came the Depression. In a cruel irony, the hard times that left Grigware financially desperate also provoked the American-style law and order measures that recalled his past. Grigware set his legal traps only two years after Ottawa, seeing a possible revolution by the dispossessed around every corner, required the RCMP to fingerprint everyone arrested, no matter how petty the crime. After he was caught, the differing responses of the two nations fascinated crime-writer Jackson, a four-time Pulitzer prize nominee. Grigware's arrest made the U.S. papers, the author notes, first as one of a spate of stories about how new forensic advances, like the FBI's new fingerprint collection, were extending the long arm of the law, just as today's headlines extol the role of DNA evidence in cracking cold cases. Later, after Grigware's extradition became an issue, the American press began arguing that he should be returned, and then—perhaps—set free, just like his fellow wrongly accused, Golden Canadian paper, on the other hand, demanded his immediate release. "The popular conception of money in the two

Grigware earned the respect of his fellow citizens, got elected mayor of a small Alberta town, and even—proof of his essential Canadianism—became president of a curling club

countries," Jackson says, "was very different and very real."

The *Toronto Daily Star* led the charge, so ready then as now to champion the little guy, particularly when it also provided an opportunity for twining Yankee noses. Feature writer Frederick Griffin was soon on the scene, scoring the first jailhouse interview with Grigware, whom he called "a modern Jean Valjean." In story after story Griffin hammered on his key themes: Grigware's innocence of the original crime, his Canadian ancestry, his lovely wife and steady children, his exemplary record in Alberta, the support of his new community.

The journalists even travelled to Nebraska to talk to Thomas Meager, Grigware's trial judge in 1910 and still a string federal justice. That interview, described in astonishing detail in the *Star*, degenerated almost immediately into a shouting match about American vengeance and Canadian soft-heartedness. Meager's bluff had to break it up. Throughout Griffin's campaign, Canadians by the thousands signed Free Grigware petitions and sent them to city American they thought might matter, including Eleanor Roosevelt. Even Alberta premier John Brownlee and Prime Minister R.B. Bennett joined in. On May 12, the U.S. government withdrew its extradition request and Grigware was set free.

But the Americans still considered Grigware a fugitive and kept an eye on him for the rest of his long life. He never dared go home again, even for his mother's funeral. Frank Grigware died in Lacombe, Alta., in 1977 at the age of 91, and shadowed by a bitter justice system in even almost a century old.

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YES, IT IS BRAIN SURGERY

A neurosurgeon and his team have to react calmly when a blood vessel bursts during an operation

MIKE IS ENJOYING his son's Saturday morning soccer game and looting with the other soccer dads on the sideline when he falls over with a sudden headache, as if someone had hit him over the head with a baseball bat. An ambulance takes Mike (for the purposes of this article, a composite of typical aneurysm patients) to a local hospital. There a CT scan confirms a subarachnoid hemorrhage—a bubble on a blood vessel deep in his brain has popped. When he fully awakes to, Mike discovers he's been taken to the neurosurgery unit at Keck-UsC Medical Hospital. After neurosurgeon, I try to be as positive as possible as I tell him that an aneurysm that has ruptured in his brain has to be fixed. It's very risky surgery, but it has to be done.

Mike's wife sneaks away from the bedside and cries quietly. What would the and the three kids do without Mike, who's just three weeks shy of his 35th birthday? Called in on a Saturday for this emergency, I discuss the situation with my senior resident and the anesthesiologist, and let the nurse in the OR know to get things set up. The first blunder on the blood vessel deep in the brain lies in wait for us like a bomb ready to explode and take the patient's life with it. We suit up in our not gear.

THE PATIENT has been anesthetized and his head fixed in a metal clamp attached to the operating table. The left side of the scalp has been shaved, disinfected and draped in sterile drapes. The operation begins just after noon with a long, curved incision from in front of the ear to above the eye. Then the incision and I cut and peel the scalp and underlying muscle off the bone. Using an air-powered drill and saw, we remove a window of bone the size of a playing card. The brain is there as we open the dura, the wet, leathery covering. The fluid surrounding

the brain is stirred from the blood that escaped from the aneurysm when it exploded a few short hours ago.

We peer at the arachnoid membrane, a waxy, translucent skin covering the brain like Cellophane. We can see the Sylvian fissure, cleft between the temporal and frontal lobes. We move the operating microscope into position on an ceiling track and the resident and I adjust our eyepieces. Focusing on the brain's surface, we use small forceps, dissecting tools and scissors to open the Sylvian fissure progressively down to two inches below the surface. Then we use the metal blades of retractors to pull the lobes apart, exposing the optic nerve and, just inside it, the internal carotid artery, one of the large vessels carrying blood to the brain. We have found our blood vessel highway, along which we will carefully navigate in search of the entry.

Step by step we dissect the brain off the carotid artery and exert more retraction. I hear one of the nurses talking about a social convention she has this evening with her husband. I have been unaware of time and space for the last little while. It quickly wanders what my wife and daughter are doing on this beautiful weekend.

As we get about an inch along the carotid artery, we come to the place where it divides into the anterior cerebral and the middle cerebral arteries. The preoperative angiogram has shown us that the culprit aneurysm is on the middle cerebral. After more painstaking dissection under the operating microscope, we come to the point where that artery divides into many daughter branches. Now we can see the object of our pursuit. The aneurysm, the tip of a small oval, is embraced by three good-sized daughter arteries which make by to fulfill their vital task of providing oxygenated blood to the brain.



An aneurysm is a thin-walled blister that pouches out from the side of an artery because of a defect in its wall. The defect is present at birth, but it usually takes decades for the blister to expand and rupture. The dome of the aneurysm has a thin, transparent wall through which we can see the blood swirling violently. Viewed through the microscope, this is a frightening sight.

The object is to place a spring-loaded

metal clip across the base of the aneurysm to exclude it from the general blood circulation and thus prevent rebleeding. If a patient is fortunate enough to survive the first rupture of an aneurysm, the second time is usually fatal. The challenge is to avoid leaving any of the aneurysm wall behind to collect blood, enlarge and bleed again, and to do so without pinching off any other arteries, some the size of a hair, because that could produce a devastating stroke for the patient.

So with delicate dissecting instruments we start to define the neck of the aneurysm, the narrow area where the bulb dies out of

the artery. We do this by gently getting between the daughter arteries plastered to the aneurysm and the aneurysm itself with fine metal probes. The dissection goes slowly because if you're too rough or too fast, you can rip a hole in the aneurysm, instantly converting a controlled situation into a horrifying, potentially disastrous crisis. Your heart pounds, your eyes strain and every muscle in your body tremors to place your head and hands in a perfect position. Apart from the "beep-beep" of the anesthetic machine, there is silence in the operating room as we work away.

The safest way to get the aneurysm off

the aneurysm, we decide, is to be a bit rougher. First, though, we want to place a temporary clip across the trunk of the middle cerebral artery to decrease the pressure on the aneurysm and to ensure that bleeding would be non-catastrophic if it did rupture during our manipulations. We put the clip on and ask a nurse to resect the time. Generally we only has a few minutes to work with a clip in place without risking a stroke. We continue as we try to dissect off the daughter arteries, but it's tough going—it's like they were glued on. "One minute," announces the nurse. "We continue, trying to establish a

At a critical point in the surgery, Bernstein's throat became dry as a chip and his heart thumped painfully



For a patient who has survived one rupture of an aneurysm (center), a second could prove fatal

The dome of the aneurysm has a thin, transparent wall through which we can see the blood swirling violently. Viewed through the microscope, this is a frightening sight.

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At this pace of bleeding the patient could die from blood loss alone in about 60 seconds, yet if we stop the flow too quickly, we could irreversibly injure the brain by damaging vital small arteries.

good enough spot for the clip to cut off the entire aneurysm but spare vital vessels around it. "Two minutes," says the nurse.

I'm not happy with our progress and decide to withdraw the temporary clip from the middle cerebral trunk. I become aware of my heart thumping painfully against my breast bone. My throat is dry as a chap as I whisper to my senior assistant, "I guess we'll have to take the bull by the horns and just do this without a temporary clip." I'm really seeking her endorsement and support, rather than discussing strategy.

We get up for a moment and walk over to the X-ray viewing monitor to look at the angiogram. We both know this is a smiling octopus to allow us to catch our breath. We return to our posts on either side of the microscope and pick up our weapons. I decide the only way to get a good look at one of the daughter arteries as it passes behind the aneurysm is to move the aneurysm dome with a flat, spatula-like dissector.

I picked this technique up from one of my scrubs, now retired colleagues who helped me and many other neurosurgeons learn to do aneurysm surgery. It is a risk that has to be taken if we want to get on and clip this aneurysm. I start to gently but firmly retract the aneurysm—and then it happens. The beautiful, crystal-clear but remarkable view of aneurysm, middle cerebral artery trunk, daughter vessels and brain disappears in a swelling sea of red that races rapidly toward us. The aneurysm has ruptured.

Blood rushes into our operative field. Although not an uncommon occurrence during this type of surgery, it is truly frightening, something akin to the horror when your car hits a patch of ice and starts to slide at 100 km/h. There are some corrective maneuvers you can take, but the outcome is unpredictable. At this pace of

bleeding, the patient could die from blood loss alone in about 60 seconds, yet if we stop the flow too quickly, we could irreversibly injure the brain by damaging vital small arteries. My heart skips a few beats.

With two assistants vacuuming the blood, the resident and I work to compress the aneurysm with a bit of cloth about one centimetre square. "You better just put the clip across the aneurysm neck," I say, "and then we'll look around and make sure it's safe." After a few runs with the applicator forceps at different angles, she deftly slips the clip onto place. I take the cloth off and there is no bleeding. We then retract the aneurysm to check whether the artery on the other side is free, only to find it squashed in the blades of the clip. My heart skips a few more beats.

If we left it like this, the patient would have a serious stroke with speech problems and weakness of the right arm and leg. So again I press the cloth back on the aneurysm dome with a sucker up to prevent bleeding, and the nurse removes the clip and repositions it at a slightly different angle. Trapezius now reveals that no vital artery has been trapped. The job is done.

I gasp and allow my muscles to relax a bit. I ask the neurophysiologist how the patient is doing and he replies, "Solid as a rock." My head and the resident's move away from the eyepieces of the microscope and we make eye contact. Our brows are furrowed and our faces no longer move, but our eyes smile.

I look up at the clock on the wall. Three hours and 20 minutes have passed since we cut skin. It seems like 15 minutes. I feel exhausted and at the same time spent—emotionally and physically. We remove pooled blood from the brain, make sure there are no active bleeding points, suture the retractor, satch together the dura, replace the bone flap with little metal plates, and close the scalp.

Mike was cured. He woke up in five days and went on to be discharged a few days later. As he had digested through it all, and his wife did not witness this little war we waged in the operating room, they will never know just how close to death this husband and father had been.

Dr. Mark Traynelis is a professor of surgery at the University of Toronto and head of the division of neurosurgery at Toronto Western Hospital.



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Gwaii Haanas These are the mystical waters of Haida Gwaii/Queen Charlotte Islands, home to giant kelp forests—ecosystems more diverse than rainforests. More than 100,000 creatures can be found in just one square metre of kelp forest. Rich in nutrients, Gwaii Haanas provides crucial feeding grounds for humpback whales, orcas, dolphins and sea lions. For eight years, World Wildlife Fund and the Haida Nation have been working to get Canada to zone these waters

as a Marine Protected Area. WWF has funded research. WWF has created a conservation plan. WWF has convinced the oil & gas industry to give up its drilling rights. Yet still, nothing has been done. When will Canada protect Gwaii Haanas? When will Canada start protecting other crucial areas on our coasts? With your help, we'll get the government to act now. Join our team. Call WWF at 1-800-26-PANADA or visit wwf.ca/marine. Let's leave our children a living planet.





A FELT PEN ALWAYS AT THE READY

Our new Cartoon Editor recalls the groundbreaking artist George Feyer

Terry Mosher, known to his fans as *Ashley*, the daily editorial-page cartoonist for the *Gazette* in Montreal, has taken on the post of Cartoon Editor for *Maclean's*. He will be introducing readers to a variety of talented Canadian cartoonists, starting this week with Michael de Alder of Halifax, whose work appears on page 34. Mosher is no stranger to *Maclean's* readers, having contributed his first cover to the magazine 16 years ago—on the famous Canada-Soviet hockey summit—and the most recent just last week, on the Liberal leadership stakes. Here, Mosher recalls a talented figure who made cartooning history in Canada in the 1950s and '60s.



Mosher will showcase Canadian talent

"I love Canada because the politics are so dull. When politics are exciting, the guys soon drown out the speeches!"
—George Feyer, *Maclean's*, May 7, 1960

GEORGE FEYER knew whereof he spoke. Born in Hungary in 1921, he had initially

worked as a commercial artist, suffering under successive Nazi and Communist regimes. During the Second World War, Feyer began forging papers and passports for those in need. Eventually he was to do the same for himself and his mother, allowing them to flee their native country.

By 1946 Feyer had landed in Toronto, working in a factory for \$28 a week stuffing quilts. After being fired for accidentally dumping a load of feathers down an empty elevator shaft, he sold his first gag cartoon to *Maclean's* in 1948, showing a man being fitted for glasses. It was only after it was published that the editors discovered that an eye chart in the background spelled out some coarse words in Hungarian. Despite that, Feyer became a fixture in the magazine for 15 years, evolving into one of Canada's best and most prolific cartoonists.

Feyer prospered as his reputation grew, working for numerous publications in Canada, the U.S. and Europe. In engaging television commercials for Imperial Oil, he rapidly drew cartoons live on camera between periods of hockey games. That led to a Feyer patent on an animation process that he used while performing children's shows and other television work. Author Lester Kinsdale made many television appearances, earning cynical



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series instantly dismissed by Feyer.

Always travelling with a handy flick pen to produce cartoons in seconds, Feyer became the charming, exuberant friend of Toronto's media set. Pierre Berton, a close friend of Feyer's, remembered it was "impossible for George to pass so much as an elevator button without turning it instantly into a cartoon." Berton emphatically calls Feyer the most inventive man he has ever known, and recalls watching the zany cartoonist at social gatherings where he liked to draw on everything—particularly on women.

Much of Feyer's more hilarious work—often on religion, sex and politics—remained unpublished. He had a rubber stamp made with the words "hose art." In Old English script Feyer used it to construct multicoloured drawings of cathedrals, lawyers, clerics and "other mouthpieces."



Peter drew wherever there was a surface.

In the mid-1960s, wanting to expand his horizons, he took his troupe genius to Los Angeles, a city he found "superficial, heartless and insane." Nevertheless, he

rapidly established a reputation there, appearing on TV with Danny Keefe and Mort Sahl. Feyer also developed a number of inventive commercial concepts that were appreciated by the cosmopolitan Americans. Sadly, for reasons of his own, Feyer took his own life there in 1967. Sahl said was a theme that had appeared often in his work.

Feyer published one book, *The Man in the Red Flannel Suit*, a caustic look at Santa Clara and the commercialization of Christmas. It flopped, in large part, according to Berton, because many stores refused to carry it. There have been rumours since his death about doing a definitive book on Feyer. One can only hope that will happen while there are still people around who remember this extraordinary cartoonist.

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UNHAPPY GILMORE

What happens when a Hollywood star and an iconoclast director join forces



FIRST A CONFESION. I used to tell people that I had a no-Adam Sandler clause in my contract. It was a joke, of course I didn't have a contract. But for years, I managed to do my job as film critic without seeing a single Adam Sandler movie. I'd never liked him when he was on *Saturday Night Live*—never liked *Open Mike*, or the sophisticated folk diction, or the teasing, giggling complicity with the audience. As for his films, the trailers were all it took to dissuade me. There's not enough time or space to review all the bad movies I end up seeing unintentionally without actively seeking them out. Sandler's fans, I'm sure, would consider that moribund and unprofessional. So be it. My fellow critics at the newspaper who have to review every damn movie that gets released—entered me I won't mention anything.

In a weak moment, however, I saw *Little Nicky*, in which Sandler plays a wispy, obnoxious son of Satan. It confounded my

Sandler (left) tells Anderson (right) his pop-culture edge came to the fore

woes from. Sandler's fans tried to tell me *Nicky* was an aberration, a low point in Adam's oeuvre. But I vowed, never again.

Then last spring, the Sundance showed up where you would least expect him—on the red carpet at the Cannes Film Festival, the high altar of cinematic art. He was there as the star of *Punch-Drunk Love*, the latest feature from Paul Thomas Anderson, one of America's hottest, and most adventurous, young directors. After *Boogie Nights* (1997), Anderson's straggled was of a '70s porn star, and *Magnolia*, his sprawling canvas of Los Angeles angst, *Punch-Drunk Love* comes as a wild departure. Clocking in at a brisk 89 minutes, it's an off-limits romance comedy that's more disturbing than funny, more scary than sweet—a switchblade tale with a serrated edge of the absurd. And if I get tied up in metaphoric knots trying to describe it,

that's because it doesn't fit any known genre. It's the mangled offspring of a Hollywood star and an iconoclast director, the progeny of a weird marriage between the studio system and the art frontier of American cinema.

Last month, interviewing Anderson at the Toronto International Film Festival, I showed up armed with all kinds of theories, about how he has cast a franchise player in an art film—the equivalent of serving steak tartar at McDonald's. But Anderson would have none of it. "I don't consider that Adam Sandler makes franchise Hollywood comedies," the 32-year-old director insisted. "There was a time when the most interesting thing to me was watching his movies. It was a little drowsy, I would get bored on a Saturday night and watch an Adam Sandler movie and have a helluva lot of fun. I wanted a piece of that. Especially after *Magnolia*, I wanted to do something lighter and happier and lands go off a cliff."

Punch-Drunk Love opens with an uppercut out of the blue, a sequence of non sequiturs so astounding I'm loath to give away the beginning of the movie, never mind the ending. Let's just say it involves three vehicles and a humanitarian on a deserted street at dawn.

Sandler plays Barry, a lonely math hounded by seven sisters who call him Gay Boy. He runs his own business selling novelty toilet plungers out of a warehouse in the San Fernando Valley. Although he has never been on an airplane, Barry is buying up \$3,000 worth of instant pudding as an attempt to assuage a million air miles. (A guy in California actually did that.) Meanwhile, his handcart list is divided from two directions. After paying for phone sex, he falls prey to a gang of extortionists led by a Utah insurance salesman (Philip Seymour Hoffman). And he's courted by a frequent flyer named Liza (Emily Watson) who's strangely satisfied by how screwed up he is.

Amusing the viewer at every turn, Anderson gives us a scared (and scary) Adam Sandler, best and alone in a *Where's Waldo?* maze of suburban gothic style. The movie is exquisitely directed. It's set in a graphic wasteland of 100-ft corridors, industrial lawns and bay-on stores. But it's accented with a whimsy reminiscent of Jacques Tati or

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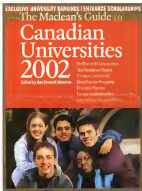


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MACLEAN'S

Film | >

The *Unbroken* of Chloë Sevigny pushes the soundtrack, a jangle of weekly percussion, boldly into the foreground. The movie plays like a repressed musical, *Ragtime* in Wonderland. Then occasionally he drops in a swirling interlude of colour bars, to a score that sounds a lot like the theme from *Around the World in 80 Days*—another frequent flyer joke.

Sandler's character is like the one he plays in all his movies—a glibbie ruff with a stubborn sense of purpose and a hair-trigger temper. The need who finds his inner superman. But his performance is free of the usual mannerisms, that inflexible mawing. This is a raw, stripped-down Sandler, and his psychotic edge is much closer to the surface. When he punches his fist through a glass door, or excises himself during dinner to rip apart the man's room with his bare hands, the violence is frightening, not funny. And when you get to the movie's most tender moment, when he tells Lena over so sweetly, "I'm looking at your face and I just want to smash it with a sledgehammer you're so pretty," you know you're not in an Adam Sandler movie, you're in a P.T. Anderson film.

SO WHEN P.T. ASKS me what I think of it, he gets a complicated answer. He's sitting on a hotel patio in Toronto, holding off lighting the cigarette in his hand. He laments with intense, outsize eyes that go from green to amber, and a mouth that has a nervous twitch. I talk about his movie's alien architecture, and how suburbs has become the landscape of choice for a new breed of American film about repression and transgression—from *The Godfather* to *One Hour Photo*, which both feature dangerously lonely men working in box-like rooms.

P.T. looks perplexed. "I'm from the Valley," he says. "There's really no choosing it. That's just where I'm from. It's just shooting where I live—or was the same with *Magnolia* and *Jugos Niglas*."

"The story's constructed like a chain reaction of unpredictable events. Was it written that way? Or did you map it out?"

"I can't map anything out. I can't even find my car keys half the time."

"So where did it come from?"

"Wanting to get out of my house. Wanting to work with Adam. Wanting to work with Emily. Wanting to have a bar-



Anderson's mission for the movie was "figuring out how to make people laugh."

miroom in the movie. You just think about things you'd like to see. But wrong down to make the movie, the only thing on my mind was figuring out how to make people laugh. I don't have any big ideas."

This doesn't seem like the best time to point out that *Punch Drunk Love*, while blemished with wit, is not laugh-out-loud funny. Anderson already seems touchy about any suggestion that he ended up making a serious, less-commercial Adam Sandler movie, an *Unhappy Gilmore*. And when I offer the McDonald's steak-sauce simile, it's a nerve.

"That's bullshit!" he says. "That's delicious. I don't know what to do with that or what to think—this notion that he makes McDonald's movies. It's just about overeating, and that's what I've read."

"If I was a little down," says the director, "I would get stoned on a Saturday night and watch an Adam Sandler movie and have a helluva lot of fun."

to learn from him. When you walk down the street with him, I've never seen anything like it, how people respond. He's so going. People respond so well to him because he's trustworthy. And he's in this movie. It's Adam Sandler and it's about love and romance and all the rest. Why should it be any different?"

Because it is. For once, Sandler's anger is no joke. Although everyone agrees that the actor is the ultimate nice guy off-screen, all he characterizes hangs on a hair-trigger temper. "There's a real streak of mystery to him, a real dangerous quality," says Anderson. "And it's about keeping himself honest. Here's one of the most beautiful things in the world: Adam Sandler doesn't do press interviews. There are not a lot of stars who have become so famous so quickly who have never used the media to promote an image. You don't know who he is. He can be the character."

Before leaving, Anderson urges me to give Sandler's work another chance—"get stoned on a Saturday night and watch those movies and have a ball." I've now seen *Mr. Deeds*, *Happy Gilmore* and *The Wedding Singer*. And even unstoned on a weekday, I found them kind of funny. But if I were going to get high on a Saturday night, I'd rather revisit *Punch Drunk Love* and get totally possessed. **B**



FROM RUSSIA WITH FRENCH FINESSE

A new show of works from the Hermitage highlights 'avant-garde classicism'

THEY WERE the Donald Trumps of their time—fabulously rich business magnates with a flair for extravagance. In another era, they might have splurged on private jets or \$6,000 shower curtains. But in the early 1900s, art was the luxury of choice for wealthy Russian industrialists like Sergei Shchukin and Ivan Morozov. During frequent visits to Paris, the two Muscovites—among the first to recognize the genius of French avant-garde artists—snapped up paintings by the likes of Cézanne, Gauguin and Matisse for their opulent palaces. Not that such acquisitions were always tense: In their conservative milieu, one outraged guest actually scribbled on the first



Matisse found a swarthy Tahitian (Tahiti) Gauguin invented a Tahitian mythology (Gauguin)

Morozov displayed in his home. Consider this: We have a rare opportunity to appreciate Shchukin's and Morozov's collected collections with a new exhibit

opening at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto this week (Oct. 12 to Jan. 5), and then travelling to the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts (Jan. 31 to April 27). *Revue des Arts: French Painting from Gauguin to Matisse*—the second in a three-exhibit exchange between the AGO and the State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg—features 75 works by 24 French-born artists, including several paintings by Matisse, Cézanne, Gauguin and Picasso. But AGO curator Michael Parker-Taylor plays down any comparison with the Barnes Exhibit, the gallery's overhyped 1994 show, a disappointing mix of minor works by big names, collected by an American connoisseur of Shchukin and

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Claude was inspired by the town, as were Bonnard (left) and Bernard—who do the Mediterranean (right) capture a seaside garden's shimmering light.



Moscow. "This is more than a gorgeous lulu from the Hermitage—this show tells an interesting story."

The story takes place in the restless early years of the 20th century. Disenchanted with Impressionism's attempt to record the fleeting moment on canvas, French pioneers of modernism experienced a rush of enthusiasm for the timelessness of classical art. Voyage into Atchuk—the title is adapted from a Baudelaire poem evoking mythology's Golden Age—traces the beginning of so-called avant-garde classicism. Promoted as a visit to "paradise," the show is an illuminating, if limited and meandering, excursion into the byways of the movement. The nod to ancient Greece

is unimpeachable in the then-and-synthesized scenes painted by Pierre Bonnard, Kéy-Maurice Roussel and Maurice Denis. Classical references are less overt in the works by Claude, Matisse and André Derain, a few of the many artists who discovered a "new Eden" in southern France; their paintings are highlights of the exhibit. The show's five Gauguin display the artist's invented mythology in primitive Tahiti.

Shchukin and Morozov, friendly rivals, both commissioned major decorative works for their residences. Matisse produced two masterpieces—*The Big Dance* and *Atchuk*—for Shchukin's Moscow palace. While the Hermitage could not part with

these murals, two obscure works commissioned by Morozov do appear in *Voyage into Atchuk: The Story of Psyche*, a series of 13 decorative panels by Denis on display for the first time in North America, is installed in a replica of the collector's music room. *Psyche* is garish and power-like, yet the overall effect is sensational. More beautifully subtle is Bonnard's *On the Mediterranean*, a massive tapestry. It evokes the leisurely intimacy and shimmering light of a seaside garden near St. Tropez with a spontaneous style that's extraordinary for such a monumental work. Despite their neighbours' doubts, Shchukin and Morozov truly were onto something. **B**

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CLOSINGNOTES



PEOPLE | 92

Jones riffs on the hi-factor
Former Colco executive Andy Jones has a new one-man show about the Rock and the rosary



RESEARCH | 94

It's getting hot in here
A University of Alberta fire facility has found a flame that it can ignite over and over again. In an effort to develop better protective gear for firefighters and emergency workers, Henry II, the mammosaur (left), is regularly heated to a scorching 1000° C.



Listings | Anything on?

Stadtfederer—
Adventures in Dining Tuesdays, 5 p.m. starting Oct. 8 From his Ontario firm, chef Michael Stadtfederer prepares meals with his signature halibut approach. The Food Network

Truck Files
Thursday, 8 p.m. starting Oct. 18 In a touch of action and adventure, this series profiles customers. Anecdotes, experts, hyper commentary and more. National Geographic Channel

The Sacred Balance
Oct. 11, 14, 20, 21, 9 p.m. Informed by 20 years of research and reflection, host David Suzuki argues, "What we do to the earth we do to ourselves." In this new series, CBC

Murder Wednesday, 9 p.m. starting Oct. 16 From the country that does crime division best comes the hit. What's in with Julie Walters and One Pure. CBC Canada

Sketch Three
Thursday, 10 p.m. starting Oct. 16 It's a week of the funniest on TV award-winning comedy troupe and writer to take in Montreal's last Fall Film Festival. LFC Network

Education | Irving family gives green to get green

Arthur Irving, like his two brothers James and John and their legendary industrialist father Kenneth Collis, spent a few years at tiny Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S. So what if none of them actually graduated. "We learned a bit," recalls Arthur, president of Irving Oil Ltd., and Acadia's current chancellor. "We played some sports, we made some good friends. We always wanted to do something to help the university."

Now, they have. With the state-of-the-art K.C. Irving Environmental Science Centre & Horner Irving Botanical Gardens, the New Brunswick clan will likely be paying benefits to Acadia and the rest of the world for years to come. There's a new \$894-sq.-m. building and about 270 ha of botanical gardens which contains 15,000 new plants. In

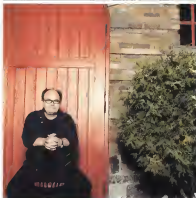
Acadia University's science centre and gardens, industrialist K.C. Irving in 1918 (below)

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elaborate laboratories and greenhouses, researchers will study everything from the impact of global climate change to the complex ecosystem in the nearby Minas Basin, home to the world's highest tides.

Certainly, a funny gift from a family who has made its billions in everything from oil refining and forestry to shipbuilding. David Coon, of the Conservation Council of New Brunswick, points out that, while within legal limits, the Irvings are millionaires politicians and continue to clear-cut forests. "But when it makes business sense," says Coon, "they are striving to be more proactive about the environment." Arthur says the gift to Acadia is a tribute to his parents. "My father liked to plant trees and my mother loved gardens," he explains. Beyond writing the cheque, Arthur is a regular visitor to the centre, leading conservation director Don Hendricks to connect. "He's learning too." JENNIFER GUNTON



People |

The moment Andy Jones walks off the stage at Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille he seems to morph into another person. In his latest one-man comedy show *To The Wall*, the St. John's, Nfld., native shows off the playful side his fans have grown to love. Spotlights off, he is soft-spoken and pensive. He speaks quite seriously about his 75-minute show—which features a quirky take on the universe and God—and one of his rather strange inspirations. "Soon after the planes hit the World Trade Center I had trouble sleeping at night until I said the rosary," says Jones, 54, an atheist despite a strict Catholic upbringing. "I don't know why but I couldn't stop being agitated until I said it. I haven't gone back to it but I decided that I need-

ed to incorporate God into the show."

To The Wall is a comedic mix of goofy theatrics, folklore and Jones's own family history. And tying it all together is what Jones calls the "N-factor"—the notion that Newfoundlanders have their own special way of doing things. It's the kind of humor he perfected during his 16 years with Codex, the Black's highly successful comedy troupe. Now, with his fifth solo show, Jones is converting the masses. He'll make *To The Wall* to Glasgow later this month as part of a theatrical tour showcasing Canadian talent abroad. "I've spoken with practicing Christians who loved it," he says, "and atheists who found it really interesting." Seems the audience morphs as easily as the star. **JOHN BOWEN**

Books |

Joseph Marchetti graduated from university more than 40 years ago, but says that working on his most recent book, *Servicing Tomorrow: How to Protect Your Health, Wealth and Safety*, made him feel like a student all over again. "It was like writing four Ph.D. theses," says the Toronto-

based physician, author and design expert. With help from a team of researchers, Marchetti covers 44 controversial topics including nutrition, probiotic targets and protecting your finances in case of an attack. To get the



Review | Dinner & a Movie

After *Silence of the Lambs* and *Awakened*, Anthony Hopkins unleashes his best into the jacket role of Pitt's career and more than. And *Dragon* is based on the first novel in Thomas Harris's trilogy—which has already been turned into a movie. Michael Mann's *Manhunter* (1986) did not star Hopkins but made DeMille's under his pilot of violence, why not cannibalize the franchise, and double the rope? Near to the low-calorie of Mann's thriller, *Manhunter* is a high-chlorinated feast of horror, humour and suspense—a pulpy pleasure that caters to an audience all too familiar with the mass. Still it's a better movie, and a more straightforward thriller, than *Manhunter*, which digressed into class. And the cast is spectacular.

As in a James Bond film, the Major threats come better and during the opening titles—in a dark the overture, Under leads a derelict clown party, then meets his match in Pitt's death will custom. (Schwarzenegger, who puts his boxing gloves. And forward to torture being laid out of retirement to track down a serial killer (Halle Berry)—with some help from his old nemesis, Norton keeps his head down as the self-criticism, while Harvey Keitel goes through



Realistic Pittman was Watson in *Manhunter*

the machine to his boss. The plot relies on the director's. As a twisted twist with a cliff hanger, Pittman gets to run around with his toes down his back and under a blind woman (Emily Watson). Philip Seymour Hoffman creates a triple-curious look as a twisted reporter. And Hopkins deserves his role with such risk that whenever he's off-screen, we're just hanging for his return. **BRIAN D. JOHNSON**

information out quickly, listeners opted to publish the book himself and in printing it based on demand. So far, 2,500 copies have been requested—including a large order from the Ontario government. Ironically, Maclean's thinks his lack of journalism expertise is his greatest advantage. "I'm able to ask the simple questions that regular people are thinking about."

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Research | **Harry Dale**

Pyre poor Harry. He's a man-steel, fibre glass mannequin who has been set on fire 2,500 times in the last 14 years as part of an Edmonton-based research project aimed at developing better protective gear for firefighters and other emergency workers. Actually, Harry ("He's named after *Billy Crystal's* character, *Harry Burns*, in *When Harry Met Sally*," explains *Doug Dale*, the University of Alberta mechanical engineering professor in charge of the project) was finally retired last year and has been replaced by Harry II, who has so far endured a mere 200 burnings at Canada's only flash fire testing facility.

Over the years, both the original Harry

and his successor have been dressed up in various fire-retardant and flame-resistant garb—including outfits used by U.S. troops during the 1991 Persian Gulf War and gear worn by Australian firefighters battling bush blazes—and subjected to fire-second flash fires. Here's the drill: Harry stands in a small room made of concrete blocks, surrounded by six computer-operated propane burners that sit at ankle and waist level. A button is pressed and Harry is engulfed in flames and heated to a scorching 1,200°C. Sensors connected to the mannequin and wires running through an insulated pipe transmit the requisite info on Harry's latest fire test to the facility's computers.

Dale, whose research is done on behalf of manufacturers of emergency gear, says

Flash fire facility Dale (left) and Mark Anderson prep Harry for the big burn

his own goals are to find protective clothing that is both comfortable and extreme fire-resistant and to build a computer model that can simulate the conditions that now take place at the flash fire test facility. Such a system would save time and money, and allow him to experiment with ever more intense levels of heat. But for now though, Dale, 63, must be happy with Harry II and a concrete room—and the occasional field experiment which involves burning down or blowing up abandoned houses. This mechanical engineer readily admits that he relishes the question, "What do you do for a living?"

DAVID BERGMAN

Books | Tying up the loose ends with string theory

For all the beguiling complexity of modern theoretical physics, its practitioners have always loved the fact that genius simplifies. In *Onversus*, a 7-story Penguin, Toronto science journalist Dan Falk offers a lucid historical overview of the search for a single set of equations to describe all of physical reality—the so-called theory of everything. Falk moves briskly from the ancient Greeks, who first thought of atoms, to Copernicus and Newton, architects of the new mechanical universe that governs our daily lives. A century ago Einstein's theory of relativity, which explained certain Newtonian mysteries like black holes, opened the first crack in the Clockwork universe. Their quantum theory, by demonstrating the once-invisible realm of observer and thing observed, seemed to end all certainty. Contemporary physics' new patchwork theory, which suggests that string models are a physical realization of those to stretch across an eleven-dimensional strings of matter (vibrations) what you see in the first, best-illustrated instance of reality.



BEST SELLERS

Fiction

1. UNRAVEL , Carol Shields (O) 4	11. THE LAST GARDEN , Peter Hoeg (M) 2
2. THE LOWLY HUNTER , John Grisham (O) 2	12. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
3. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	13. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
4. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	14. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
5. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	15. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
6. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	16. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
7. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	17. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
8. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	18. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
9. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	19. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1
10. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1	20. THE WINDMILL OF NEW YORK , Robert Lipsyte (O) 1

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MARIJUANA AS MEDICINE

The government lets me legally smoke pot. So why can't I legally buy it?

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE of Eastern Ontario, as elsewhere, it's harvest time. Produce ranges from corn to...bunches of marijuana. Despite the efforts of the Ontario Provincial Police—who rent a hell-o-lot to scour the region—much of the illegal crop is now being dried and will soon flood the market. That's great news for me because I suffer from epilepsy. I am one of the 817 Canadians permitted to smoke marijuana for medical reasons. And I have to find the stuff somehow.

It has been an interesting trip for the last couple of years, but there is a problem that keeps me low: too high. I have to spend \$500 every month to "acquire" my prescription across the Ottawa River from an acquaintance named Pierre. To watch the evening news can be bothersome when it carries clips of the hundreds of different strains of cannabis being grown for the government in an old mine in Timmins, Man. The seeds, confiscated by police countrywide, prove marijuana's development in Canada. Also, Health Minister Anne McLellan has said she won't consider releasing any of that marijuana until clinical trials are complete.

Marijuana was not my first choice for treatment. Despite an endless series of pills, I suffered from regular seizures for eight years. In 1997, I put my skull under a neurosurgeon's knife. The removal of a brain lobe the size of a thumb was supposed to improve life. But I am among the few whose condition worsened. I began to have more seizures—sometimes three a day. They happened in places like buses and subway trains and the press gallery of the House of Commons.

In 1998, the government announced a program to make cannabis legal for medical purposes only. After chom on my neurologist—and my wife—I was given the prescription, because some experts consider cannabis an anti-convulsant. It was a good decision. I have fewer seizures when I regularly smoke marijuana. My wife,

who is not a big fan of second-hand smoke of any kind—or the additional expense of thousands of dollars annually—has also concluded that there is a link.

Smoking five joints per day is expensive. I cannot head to a pharmacist with my prescription; I buy my medicine from Pierre in clandestine fashion. Every week I call him, and let him know how many "measures" I want for our session. Then a friend drives me across the Ottawa River, just the Saginaw Court, where marijuana's non-medical future will likely be decided. Within sight of the Peace Tower, I meet Pierre. Because it is Ontario-grown weed purchased in Quebec, I think of it as interprovincial trade. When the bag is in Pierre's hand, it is illegal. When it passes into mine, everything is OK. But I still must pay for it.

Last week's speech from the Throne mentioned a possible decriminalization of marijuana possession. But the delays in dealing with marijuana prove the perception that politicians and bureaucrats move very, very slowly when it suits them. Even



the word marijuana caused difficulties at Health Canada, they started with "marijuana," but their Web site now shows that the "it" is slowly being replaced by the more familiar "I." This silliness goes on while those with potencies see little effort to establish a system that will provide them with low-cost access to treatment.

Most discouraging are suggestions that the previous health minister, Allan Rock, was about to make pot available to those with potencies before he was shuffled out of the portfolio last January. I keep wondering whether the Prime Minister (who in 1980 suggested the relaxation of laws concerning marijuana) concluded that Rock's dealings with late Beate John Lennon in 1969 made him the wrong handler of this life. Perhaps Rock is too liberal for the Liberal party. McEllellan, meanwhile, is obviously on a mission to cloud the issue, by contradicting earlier statements and proposals which had led us to believe that a process was about to commence.

I should not, and cannot, feel too sorry for myself. Others suffer from more serious ailments and pain—such as AIDS victims and cancer patients who endure the agony and side effects of their pharmaceutical and chemotherapy treatments. Many find the hunger-reducing effect of marijuana a relief from the quaternous and weight loss they generally face. Then, consider patients disabled by multiple sclerosis. How do they acquire their medicinal stuff? Some parents have family and friends who help. But that leads to high stress and potentially uncomfortable encounters with the police.

I have not run into anything like that. Health Canada allows me to grow four plants indoors, which when harvested will last me about three weeks. Meanwhile, an American, Steve Kubby, who seeks refugee status in Canada, is allowed to grow 59 plants at a time and keep 2.6 kilograms in storage. A doctor has said that Kubby needs to smoke 12 joints per day. I am no doctor, but that is an absurd amount (about 20 fat joints daily). Even for a man suffering from adrenal gland cancer. When will McEllellan allow other patients a secure, affordable supply of medicinal marijuana? I won't hold my breath.

Associated with Fisher: Benoit RABIN, Director of the National Cannabis Council.

NUTRITIONAL INFORMATION (per bar)

Calories.....	85 cal
Energy.....	10 g
Carbohydrates.....	1.5 g
Fat.....	1.5 g
Times you'll think about poetry.....	0



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